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WAR POEMS

AND OTHER TRANSLATIONS

WAR POEMS
AND OTHER TRANSLATIONS
BY LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON

Haec studia—delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.
CICERO, *Pro Archia*, 16

LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
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PREFACE

TRANSLATION of the poetry of one country into the language and metre of another is an amiable hobby to which many persons—and, it would seem, 'public men' in particular — are prone. As a rule it possesses little interest or attraction save for the author of the experiment. It is certainly in that light that I have always regarded and occasionally practised it, and I had no idea of ever asking the public to share the doubtful results of my labours.*

Quite recently, however, having sent to the OBSERVER *a series of translations into English of some of the beautiful and touching poems on the European War and the sufferings of his country, which have appeared in its columns from the pen of the*

* *e.g. Lord Wellesley, Lord Derby, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Cromer, Mr. Gladstone, and many others.*

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Belgian writer, M. Emile Cammaerts, I have received so many requests from readers and publishers for the wider circulation of these efforts, that I have agreed to their re-issue in a less fugitive form—the proceeds, if there are any, to be devoted to the Belgian Relief Fund. I have added several other translations which have at different times lent distraction to my leisure hours; and these include two from another Belgian man of letters, a great poet and artist, M. Emile Verhaeren.

Upon the general principles to be observed in the translation of poetry into a foreign tongue, I would say this: The translator should, I think, remember that the work is not primarily his, but that of another man, of whose ideas he is merely the vehicle and interpreter; and, while endeavouring to convert them into the idiom and metrical form of another language, often with some loss, rarely with any gain, in the process, he should as far as possible subordinate himself to the conception and thought, and even defer, where possible, to the technique of the original writer.

It is surprising to find with what readiness the ideas and even the phrases of one language discover their equivalent in another, and what an essential unity there is between the poetic mind of the centuries.

This applies, of course, far more to modern than to ancient languages, and to European than to Asiatic thought. The writer who wishes to translate Hafiz or Saadi, for instance, is driven to paraphrase rather than to reproduce. The most familiar illustration is Edward FitzGerald, who in translating an Oriental writer, not particularly esteemed in the East, wrote a new poem, which is one of the classics of the West. The Greek Tragedians, and even Horace—modern as he often is—do not always yield readily to an English version. But there is a substantial identity in modern cultured thought and expression, which renders the translation e.g. of French or German lyrics into English one of no extraordinary difficulty. My object has been, nearly everywhere, not to paraphrase, but to translate.

The task of reconverting a modern language into an

ancient is a different matter. It is an exercise of much attraction and has provoked the expenditure of no small ingenuity. But one cannot help wondering what an ancient Greek or Roman would have thought of the Iambics or Elegiacs of even the most erudite of modern classical scholars, much more of the mediocre practitioner. On the other hand, that a modern author need not always or necessarily suffer in the process of translation into an ancient tongue is shown by the well-known case of Robert Browning, who declared that he had never fully understood his own amazing rhapsody of Abt Vogler until he saw it translated into a Greek Pindaric Ode by the late Professor Jebb.

I am indebted to M. Verhaeren and M. Cammaerts for permission to print the originals of their poems, and to some of my friends for having looked through these translations.

CURZON OF KEDLESTON

February 1915.

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DEDICATORY
BELGIUM

HEARTSTRUCK she stands—Our Lady of all Sorrows—
Circled with ruin, sunk in deep amaze,
Facing the shadow of her dark to-morrows,
Mourning the glory of her yesterdays.

Yet is she queen, by every royal token,
There where the storm of desolation swirled;
Crowned only with the thorn—despoiled and broken—
Her kingdom is the heart of all the world.

She made her breast a shield, her sword a splendour,
She rose like flame upon the darkened ways:
So, through the anguish of her proud surrender,
Breaks the clear vision of undying praise!

From *The Nation*

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

PART I
WAR POEMS

The following series of seven poems, by M. Emile Cammaerts, the Belgian poet, appeared in the columns of the OBSERVER *or of other newspapers, during the first six months of the Great War in 1914–15. The translations also appeared in the* OBSERVER.

I

POUR LA PIPE DES SOLDATS *

J'AI mis ici bien des secrets
Que je ne voulais pas dire,
Bien des faiblesses, bien des aveux qu'on ne devrait
Jamais écrire.
J'ai mis ici mon cœur tout nu,
Sans honte et sans pudeur,
Afin qu'Ils fument une pipe de plus
Au champ d'honneur.

J'ai mis ici ma vie intime,
Mois par mois et jour par jour,
J'ai ri sans rythme et j'ai pleuré sans rime,
Au gré de ma foi et de mon amour.
J'ai mis ici mon cœur tout nu,

* The proceeds of the first edition of M. Cammaerts' book, "Chants Patriotiques et Autres Poèmes"—to which these

FOR THE SOLDIERS' PIPE

MANY a secret lies herein
That should not be told,
Many a whispered foolishness,
Many a thing that to confess
Might be overbold.
Lies herein my naked heart,
Innocent of shame—
To give our lads one pipe the more
On the field of fame!

Lies herein my inmost soul
Bared by month and day;
Tears and laughter without rhyme,
Whatsoe'er at any time
Faith or love would say.

---

verses were written as a Dedication—are to be given to the Belgian Soldiers Fund for the purchase of tobacco.

Sans écran et sans voile,
Afin qu'Ils fument une pipe de plus
Sous les étoiles.

J'ai mis ici des naïvetés
Dont les moqueurs se gausseront,
Ma lyre tinte d'une corde, mon vers cloche d'un pied,
Et je n'ai guère d'inspiration.
J'ai mis ici mon cœur tout nu . . .
Que m'importe qu'on raille !
Pourvu qu'Ils fument une pipe de plus
Sous la mitraille !

Lies herein my naked heart,
  Stripped of all disguise—
To give our lads one pipe the more
  'Neath the starry skies!

Sings herein my artless muse—
  Let the scoffers jeer,
Cadence of my verse impugn,
Say my lyre is out of tune
  And my fancy sere.
Lies herein my naked heart—
  Let the mockers rail—
But give our lads one pipe the more
  'Neath the leaden hail!

II
CHANTONS, BELGES, CHANTONS !

CHANTONS, Belges, chantons,
Même si les blessures saignent, même si la voix se brise,
Plus haut que la tourmente, plus fort que les canons,
Chantons l'orgueil de nos défaites,
Par ce beau soleil d'automne,
Et la fierté de rester honnêtes
Quand la lâcheté nous serait si bonne.

Au son du tambour, au son du clairon,
Sur les ruines d'Aerschot, de Dinant, de Termonde,
Dansons, Belges, Dansons,
En chantant notre gloire.

SONG OF THE BELGIANS

RECK not that your wounds are bleeding,
Reck not that your voice is weak:
Louder than the roar of cannon,
Higher than the battle-shriek,
Sing, my countrymen, the story
Of the fields we have *not* won,
Fields of failure but of glory,
'Neath this fair autumnal sun:
Sing how, when the tempter whispered,
"Buy your safety with your shame,"
Said we, "Sooner no dishonour
Shall defile the Belgian name"!

Here, amid the smoking ruins,
Dinant, Aerschot, Termond,
Beat the drum and blow the bugle,
Dance to the unwonted sound!

Même si les yeux brûlent, si la tête s'égare,
Formons la ronde !

Avec des branches de hêtre, de hêtre flamboyant,
Au son du tambour,
Nous couvrirons les tombes de nos enfants.
Nous choisirons un jour,
Comme celui-ci,
Où les peupliers tremblent doucement
Dans le vent,
Et où l'odeur des feuilles mortes
Embaume les bois,
Comme aujourd'hui,
Afin qu'ils emportent
Là-bas
Le parfum du pays.

Nous prierons la terre qu'ils ont tant aimée
De les bercer dans ses grands bras,
De les réchauffer sur sa vaste poitrine
Et de les faire rêver de nouveaux combats :

Belgians, dance and sing our glory
On this consecrated ground—
Eyes are burning, brains are turning—
Heed not! dance the merry round!

Come with flaming beechen branches,
And the music of the drum;
Come, and strew them on the earth-heaps
Where our dead lie buried, come!
Choose a day like this, my brothers,
When the wind a pattern weaves
'Mid the shivering poplar tree-tops,
When the scent of fallen leaves
Floats like perfume through the woodland,
As it doth to-day, that so
Some sweet odour of our good land
May be with them, down below.

We will pray the earth they held so
Dear, to rock them in her arm,
On her vast and ample bosom
Once again to make them warm,

De la prise de Bruxelles, de Malines,
De Namur, de Liége, de Louvain,
Et de leur entrée triomphale, là-bas,
A Berlin !

Chantons, Belges, chantons,
Même si les blessures saignent et si la voix se brise,
Plus haut que la tourmente, plus fort que les canons,
Même si les blessures saignent et si le cœur se brise,
Chantons l'espoir et la haine implacable,
Par ce beau soleil d'automne,
Et la fierté de rester charitables
Quand la Vengeance nous serait si bonne !

So that haply, as they slumber,
They may dream of battles new,
Dream that Brussels is retaken,
That Malines is theirs anew,
That Namur, Liège, and Louvain
See their armies enter in,
Till they thunder, in the under-
World, into a waste Berlin!

Reck not that your wounds are bleeding,
Reck not that your voice is weak:
Deeper than the roar of cannon,
Higher than the battle-shriek,
E'en although your wounds are bleeding,
E'en although your heart-strings break,
Sing of hope and hate unshaken,
'Neath this fair autumnal sun:
Sing how, when the tempter whispered,
"Sweet is vengeance, when 'tis done,"
Said we louder, "We are prouder,
Mercy's garland to have won"!

III
"LE DRAPEAU BELGE"

ROUGE pour le sang des soldats—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Noir pour les larmes des mères—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Et jaune pour la lumière
Et l'ardeur des prochains combats.

Au drapeau, mes enfants,
La patrie vous appelle,
Au drapeau, serrons les rangs,
Ceux qui meurent, vivent pour elle !

Rouge pour la pourpre héroïque—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Noir pour le voile des veuves—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Et jaune pour l'orgueil épique
Et le triomphe après l'épreuve.

THE BELGIAN FLAG

RED for the blood of soldiers,
Black, yellow and red—
Black for the tears of mothers,
Black, yellow and red—
And yellow for the light and flame
Of the fields where the blood is shed!

To the glorious flag, my children,
Hark! the call your country gives,
To the flag in serried order!
He who dies for Belgium lives!

Red for the purple of heroes,
Black, yellow and red—
Black for the veils of widows
Black, yellow and red—
And yellow for the shining crown
Of the victors who have bled!

Au drapeau, au drapeau,
La patrie vous appelle,
Il n'a jamais flotté si haut
Elle n'a jamais été si belle.

Rouge pour la rage des flammes—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Noir pour la cendre des deuils—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Et jaune pour le salut de l'âme
Et l'or fauve de notre orgueil.

Au drapeau, mes enfants—
La patrie vous bénit—
Il n'a jamais été si grand
Que depuis qu'il est petit,
Il n'a jamais été si fort
Que depuis qu'il brave la mort.

To the flag, the flag, my children,
Hearken to your country's cry!
Never has it shone so splendid,
Never has it flown so high!

Red for the flames in fury,
Black, yellow and red—
Black for the mourning ashes,
Black, yellow and red—
And yellow of gold, as we proudly hail
The spirits of the dead!

To the flag, my sons! Your country
With her blessing "Forward" cries!
Has it shrunken? No, when smallest,
Larger, statelier, it flies!
Is it tattered? No, 'tis stoutest
When destruction it defies!

IV
AU GRAND ROI D'UN PETIT PAYS

NOUS vous suivrons, sire, où vous nous conduirez,
Par le gel et par la pluie,
Par les bois et par les prés,
Et nous vous donnerons notre vie
Quand vous voudrez.

Nous ferons ce que vous ferez,
Nous irons où vous irez,
Nous vous suivrons, sire, par tous les sentiers,
A travers le feu, a travers les armes,
A travers le chaos de la bataille
Et le fracas des armes ;
A travers le sifflement de la mitraille,
Et le long gémissement des blessés.

TO THE GREAT KING OF A SMALL COUNTRY

WHERESOE'ER you will to lead us,
We will follow you full fain,
Through the woods and through the meadows,
Through the frost and through the rain.
If you bid us shed our life-blood,
Sire, the last drop you may drain.

We will do whate'er you're doing,
Where you go, Sire, we will go,
Heedless that on every foot-track
Fires will burn and tears must flow.
'Mid the tumult of the fighting,
Clash of slayers and of slain,
'Mid the whistling of the bullets
And the moans of those in pain.

Nous vous suivrons où vous nous conduirez,
Et nous vous donnerons notre vie quand vous
voudrez.

Nous irons à Gand, à Anvers, à Termonde,
Nous délivrerons Aerschot et Louvain,
Nous purgerons le pays de la race immonde
Qui l'opprime en vain.
Nous vous rendrons Liège, nous vous rendrons
Bruxelles,
Nous repasserons la Meuse à Visé,
Ensemble nous verrons les tours d'Aix-la-Chapelle
Se dresser dans le ciel purifié.
Et nous entendrons, un beau matin,
Les cuivres et les cimbales
Saluer votre entrée triomphale
Sous les Tilleuls, à Berlin !

Nous vous suivrons où vous nous conduirez,
Et nous vous donnerons notre vie quand vous
voudrez.

Whereso'er you will to lead us,
We will come full fain,
If you bid us shed our life-blood,
Sire, 'tis yours to drain!

We will march to Ghent and Antwerp,
Aerschot, Termond, Louvain,
Rid our country of the monsters
Who oppress it—but in vain—
Brussels and Liège recapture,
Cross the river at Visé,
At your side see Aix' towers
Rise against a brighter day.
Till one morning, while the cymbals
And the bands make frenzied din,
We will see you ride triumphant
Down the Lime-walk at Berlin!

Wheresoe'er you will to lead us,
We will come full fain,
If you bid us shed our life-blood,
Sire, 'tis yours to drain!

Que Dieu vous garde, sire, comme vous nous gardez,
  Qu'Il vous protège comme vous nous protégez,
Roi de Furnes, roi du "petit soldat,"
  Roi de l'honneur et de la parole donnée,
Roi de cent prairies, et de vingt clochers,
  Orgueil de la Patrie,
Champion de l'Humanité !

Nous vous suivrons, sire, où vous nous conduirez,
Et nous vous donnerons notre vie quand vous
    voudrez.

God protect you, our protector,
You our shield, Sire, may He shield,
King of Furnes, the soldiers' monarch,
King who scorned his pledge to yield;
King of only a score of steeples,
King of acres—few there be—
Pride and glory of our Homeland,
Warden of Humanity!

Wheresoe'er you will to lead us,
We will come full fain,
If you bid us shed our life-blood,
Sire, 'tis yours to drain!

V

FUITE EN ANGLETERRE

[NOEL BELGE]

ILS ont passé dans la nuit bleue,
Ils ont passé par là.
Joseph marchait devant,
Tirant l'âne par la bride,
Et La Mère serrait l'enfant
Contre son sein vide.

Ils on trotté par là,
Ils ont trotté, dans la nuit bleue,
Plus de six lieues,
Fuyant les soldats, les bourreaux,
Les cités et les hameaux,
Et les cris déchirants
Des Saints Innocents.

—Que cherchez vous si vite, vieux,
Avec cette jeune femme ?

THE FLIGHT INTO ENGLAND

FORWARD through the dark blue night,
Forward the wanderers pressed,
Joseph trudged, at the ass' head,
In front, and took no rest,
And the Mother clasped the infant child
Against her empty breast.

Forward through the dark blue night
They trotted, six leagues hence,
Six leagues of flight from city walls
And soldiers in their tents,
From bloody men and the woeful cries
Of the Holy Innocents.

"What seekest thou so fast, old man,
Along with thy young wife?"

—D'autres hommes et d'autres cieux,
D'autres cœurs et d'autres âmes
Pour abriter le Fils de Dieu.

Ils ont couru dans la nuit bleue,
Ils ont couru par là.
Ils ont couru si loin
Que le bruit de leurs pas
Peu à peu s'est éteint,
Et que le vent a effacé
La trace de leurs pieds
De tous les sentiers.

"We seek new men, we seek new skies,
New hearts, new souls, new life,
To shield the blessed Son of God
From the blast of deadly strife."

Forward through the dark blue night
They have fled, with foot so fleet,
The sound of their footfall dies away
And is lost in the desert street,
And the wind has swept from every path
The traces of their feet.

VI
L'AVEUGLE ET SON FILS

JE n'entends plus le son lointain
Des canons ennemis . . .
Où sommes nous, mon fils ?
—Mon père, nous sommes en Angleterre.

—Je n'entends plus le bruit du vent
Sifflant dans les cordages.
Je sens sous mes pas hésitants
Le sol ferme de la plage.
Est ce la fin de nos misères ?
—Mon père, nous sommes en Angleterre.

—J'entends des paroles amies
Que je ne comprends pas,
Je me sens loin, bien loin de la patrie,

THE BLIND MAN AND HIS SON

"THE distant boom of angry guns
No longer fills my ear.
Oh! whither have we fled, my son?
Tell me, that I may hear."
"Father, we are in England!"

"No more I hear the stormy wind
Amid the rigging roar,
I feel beneath my tottering feet
The firm ground of the shore.
Is this the end of all our woes?
Shall we not suffer more?"
"Father, we are in England!"

"I hear the sound of kindly speech,
But do not understand,
I feel I've wandered very far,

D'où vient que ces voix
Me semblent familières ?
—Mon père, nous sommes en Angleterre.

—Je sens dans l'air que je respire
Un parfum de liberté,
Je sens frémir les cords de ma lyre
Sous un souffle inspiré,
Les oiseaux, les arbres, les rivières
Me parlent de chez nous.
Pourquoi ma peine me devient elle moins amère ?
Pourquoi le repos m'est il si doux ?
—Mon père, nous sommes en Angleterre.

—Incline toi, mon fils, agenouille toi
A côté de moi,
Prenons entre nos doigts meurtris,
Un peu de cette terre hospitalière,
Et baisons ensemble, en pensant au pays,
Le sol de l'Angleterre.

Far from the fatherland;
How comes it that these tones are not
Those of an unknown land?"
"Father, we are in England!"

"I feel in all the air around
Freedom's sweet breath respire,
I feel celestial fingers creep
Along my quivering lyre;
The birds, the trees, the babbling streams
Speak to me of our home,
Why does my grief less bitter grow
And rest so dear become?"
"Father, we are in England!"

"Bend down upon thy knees, my son,
And take into thy hand,
Thy wounded hand, and mine, somewhat
Of the earth of this good land,
That, dreaming of our home, we two
May kiss the soil of England!"

VII

VŒUX DE NOUVEL AN, 1915
A L'ARMÉE ALLEMANDE

JE souhaite que chaque heure
Vous meurtrisse le cœur.
Je souhaite que chaque pas que vous ferez
Vous brûle les pieds.

Je souhaite que vous deveniez aveugles et sourds
A la beauté des choses,
Et que vous marchiez, nuit et jour,
Sous un ciel morose.
Sans voir les fleurs éclore au coin des haies,
Sans entendre un mot, sans surprendre un chant
Qui vous rappelle les femmes et les enfants
Laissés dans vos foyers.

Je souhaite que la terre, notre terre,
Se creuse de fondrières

---

* I may mention, as an example of German tactics, that this translation has been widely circulated in America, as an original

TO THE GERMAN ARMY
A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER, 1915*

I PRAY that every passing hour
Your hearts may bruise and beat,
I pray that every step you take
May scorch and sear your feet!

I pray that Beauty never more
May charm your eyes, your ears,
That you may march, through day and night,
Beneath a heaven of tears,
Blind to the humblest flowers that in
The hedgerow-corners bloom,
Deaf to whatever sound or cry
May wake in you the memory
Of dear ones left at home.

I pray your guns may be engulfed
Beneath the loam—our loam!

---

poem by myself, with loud denunciations of the ferocious spirit of the English writer.

Sous vos canons,
Et que les rivières du pays, de notre pays,
Sortent de leur lit
Pour submerger vos bataillons.

Je souhaite que les spectres de nos martyrs
Empoisonnent vos nuits,
Et que vous ne puissiez plus ni veiller, ni dormir,
Sans respirer l'odeur du sang
De nos Saints Innocents.

Je souhaite que les ruines de nos maisons
S'écroulent sur vos têtes,
Et que l'angoisse trouble votre raison,
Et que le doute confonde votre rage,
Et que vous erriez éperdus comme des bêtes
Poursuivies par l'orage.

Je souhaite que vous viviez assez longtemps
Pour éprouver toutes nos souffrances,
Afin que Dieu vous épargne le suprême châtiment
De son éternelle vengeance.

I pray the streams—our streams—may leap
In floods above their banks and sweep
  Your trampling hosts to doom!

I pray the spectres of our slain
  May haunt you in your tents—
Vigil or sleep, whiche'er you seek—
Nought smelling but the bloody reek
  Of our Holy Innocents.

I pray the ruins of our homes
  May crush you like a worm,
Your brains beneath the torment reel,
Doubt from your hearts their fury steal,
Fear drive you like brute beasts that squeal
  And fly before the storm!

I pray that you may live to bear
  Each pang that marked our path;
Then God may at the last relent,
And spare your souls the chastisement
  Of his eternal wrath!

VIII
CARILLONS DE FLANDRES

C'EST un Dimanche de Flandre,
Le ciel bleu, d'un bleu de lin,
Doucement semble s'épandre
Sur la plaine et le moulin.
Et dans leur beffroi, les cloches
Se sont mises à chanter
La plantureuse gaieté
Des kermesses proches.
Va ! Sonne ! Sonne gaiement !
Leger carillon Flamand !

Mais, tout à coup, dans l'espace
Monte une rumeur d'effroi . . .
Alerte ! Alerte au beffroi !
Voici la horde rapace
Des corbeaux et des vautours
Semeurs de deuils et d'alarmes.

BELLS OF FLANDERS

SUNDAY it is in Flanders,
And, blue as flax, the sky
O'er plain and windmill stretches
Its peaceful canopy.
The bells, high in the belfries,
Are singing, blithe and gay,
The overflowing gladness
Of coming Holiday.
Ring out! Ring on! Ring loudly
The merry Flemish peal!

But suddenly there rises
To heaven a cry of fear—
Quick! To the belfry, quickly!
The ravenous horde is here,
See them! the crows and vultures,
Sowers of dire alarms;

Cloches ! Lancez dans vos tours
Votre appel aux armes !
Sonne ! Sonne éperdument,
Vaillant carillon Flamand !

Le glaive lourd des vieux reîtres—
Pour un instant triomphants—
Sur la terre des ancêtres
Vient d'étendre les enfants ! . . .
Mais au vainqueur implacable
Tu vends cher la liberté,
Fier petit peuple indompté
Que le nombre accable !
Sonne ! Sonne tristement,
Noble carillon Flamand !

Enfin dans les cieux pleins d'ombre
L'aube de justice a lui !
La horde fauve s'enfuit
Là-bas vers l'horizon sombre . . .
. . . Puis c'est le jour éclatant,
Jour de revanche et de gloire.

Oh ! bells, from out your steeples
Fling forth your call to arms !
Ring out ! Ring on ! Ring madly
The valiant Flemish peal !

The fell sword of the troopers—
Brief triumph shall they know—
Upon your soil ancestral
E'en now your sons lays low !
But to the ruthless victor
Your freedom dear you sell,
Proud, dauntless, little nation,
Whom only numbers quell !
Ring out ! Ring on ! Ring sadly
The noble Flemish peal !

But see ! in the dark heavens
The dawn of justice light !
There to the dim horizon
The brutal horde takes flight.
The radiant day of glory
Day of revenge is here,

Chante, cloche, à plein battant
Ton air de victoire !
Sonne glorieusement
Libre carillon Flamand !

DOMINIQUE BONNAUD
Oct. 1914

Oh ! bells, proclaim your triumph
With music loud and clear !
Ring out ! Ring on ! Ring proudly
The free-born Flemish peal.

IX
CRUX FERREA

AFFIXUS olim fur cruci ; nunc crux furi.

THE IRON CROSS

IN olden days they hanged the thief,
And on the cross he clung;
But now we've turned another leaf—
The cross on thieves is hung.

X
LE SOLDAT MORT

"GENTILZ gallans de France,
Qui en la guerre allez,
Je vous prie qu'il vous plaise
Mon amy saluer."

Comment le saluroye
Quant point ne le congnois ?"
"Il est bon à cognoistre,
Il est de blanc armé ;

"Il porte la croix blanche,
Les esperons dorez,
Et au bout de sa lance
Ung fer d'argent doré."

"Ne plorez plus, la belle,
Car il est trespassé ;

THE DEAD SOLDIER

"KIND gentlemen of France,
A-marching out to war,
I pray you, an you please,
Give cheer to my suitor."

"How shall I give him cheer
Who is to me unknown?"
"To know him is not hard,
He hath white armour on;

"The cross he bears is white,
His spurs are made of gold,
A lance, with silver head
Well gilded, he doth hold."

"Weep no more, lady fair,
For he is dead and gone;

LE SOLDAT MORT

Il est mort en Bretaigne,
Les Bretons l'ont tué.

"J'au veu faire sa fousse
L'orée d'ung vert pré,
Et veu chanter sa messe
A quatre cordelliers."

(AUTEUR INCONNU XV^e SIECLE)

In Brittany he died,
To death he hath been done.

"I saw men dig his grave
Beside a meadow green,
By four St. Francis' Friars
His mass hath chanted been."

XI
A L'AMBULANCE

DU couvent troublant le silence,
Arrive, avec son bruit pressé,
Une voiture d'ambulance,
On amène un soldat blessé.

Sur sa capote le sang brille ;
Il boite, étreinté par l'obus.
Son fusil lui sert de béquille
Pour descendre de l'omnibus.

C'est un vieux aux moustaches rudes,
Galonné d'un triple chevron,
Qui hait les cagots et les prudes
Et débute par un juron.

Il a des propos malhonnêtes
Et des regards presque insultants,

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER IN THE CONVENT

WHAT is that clattering noise I hear
Through the still convent ringing?
It is the carriage-ambulance
A wounded soldier bringing.

Upon his coat the blood-spots shine;
He limps—a shell has caught him—
His gun he uses for a crutch,
Descending, to support him.

A veteran he, with fierce moustache—
The triple stripes he's wearing—
All prudes and hypocrites he loathes,
And starts by loudly swearing.

Well-nigh insulting are his looks,
With illbred gibes he rallies

Qui font rougir sous leurs cornettes
Les novices de dix-huit ans.

Croyant qu'il dort et qu'elle est seule,
Si la sœur prie auprès de lui,
Vite il charge son brûle-gueule
Et siffle un air avec ennui.

Que lui font la veille assidue,
L'intérêt qu'on peut lui porter ?
Il sait que sa jambe est perdue
Et que l'on va le charcuter.

Il est furieux.—Laissez faire !
On est très patient ici ;
Puis il y règne un atmosphère
Qui console et qui dompte aussi.

L'influence est lente, mais sûre,
De ces servantes de leur vœu,
Douces en touchant la blessure
Et douces en parlant de Dieu.

The novices—beneath their caps
They blush at his coarse sallies.

If at his side, thinking he sleeps,
The sister breathes a prayer,
Straightway astir he fills his pipe
And whistles a bored air.

What use to him their faithful watch,
The care that never ceases?
He knows his leg is lost and done,
And he'll be hacked to pieces.

He's very angry—Let him be!
Here no one knows impatience,
There reigns an atmosphere that soothes
And cows the rudest patients.

Slow is the spell, but sure, that wields
This band, to service given,
With fingers soft they touch the wounds,
And softly speak of Heaven.

—Aussi, sentant, à sa manière,
Le charme pieux et subtil,
Le grognard à chaque prière
Dira bientôt: "Ainsi soit-il!"

FRANCOIS COPPÉE*

* Written in Paris during the Siege, November 1870.

So subtle is their pious charm,
  Our grumbler soon will see it
In his own way—and to each prayer
  Make the response "So be it"!

XII
LE DRAPEAU ANGLAIS

C'EST le drapeau d'Angleterre ;
Sans tache, sur le firmament,
Presque à tous les points de terre
Il flotte glorieusement.

Il brille sur tous les rivages ;
Il a semé tous les progrès,
Au bout des mers les plus sauvages
Comme aux plus lointaines forêts.

Devant l'esprit humain en marche
Mainte fois son pli rayonna,
Comme la colombe de l'arche
Ou comme l'éclair du Sina.

Oublions les jours des tempêtes,
Et, mon enfant, puisqu' aujourd'hui
Ce drapeau flotte sur nos têtes,
Il faut incliner devant lui.

THE ENGLISH FLAG
THE FRENCH CANADIAN AND HIS SON

"IT is the flag of England!
Stainless, against the sky,
Where is the land but sees it
Floating in majesty?

"It gleams on every shoreline,
Where progress forward sweeps,
Beyond the furthest forests,
Beyond the stormiest deeps.

"And wheresoe'er man's spirit
Fares on, it streams before,
Like Noah's dove, or lightning
From Sinai flashed of yore.

"Forget the days of tempest,
And low, my son, incline,
Because to-day this banner
Floats o'er thy head and mine."

—Mais, père, pardonnez si j'ose—
N'en est-il un autre, à nous ?
—Ah ! celui-là, c'est autre chose ;
Il faut le baiser à genoux.

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

"Father—forgive my daring—
Have *we* not also one?"
"Ah! yes, there is another,
To kneel and kiss, my son!"

XIII

FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

IN THE AFGHAN WAR

THE autumn sun was dying;
Flushed with its light the scene,
Dark earth below, the blood-red glow,
And a belt of gold between.

Its molten trail swept o'er her,
As she sat apart from all,
And the ruddy gleam of the fading beam
Made patterns on the wall.

But she looked not on the sunset,
To its pomp her eyes were dim—
For honour sworn his sword was drawn—
She thought alone of him.

In the distant Asian passes
  The banner of England blew;
Upon the height she saw him fight—
  Fighting, he saw her too.

The golden flood was darkened—
  A shadow before her came;
Within the room was the wraith of doom,
  Outside the great red flame.

A cry broke on the stillness—
  "Great God"! she reeled and fell,
And the sun dropped down on field and town,
  And vanished was the spell.

In the distant Asian passes
  A pale corpse faced the sky—
Oh! dying breath of life in death!
  Oh! hidden mystery!

XIV
EPITAPH ON THE SPARTANS AT THERMOPYLAE

ὦ ξεῖν', ἄγγειλον Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

SIMONIDES OF CEOS

IDEM
ANGLICE REDDITUM

STRANGER, go hence and say to the men who
hold Lacedaemon—
'Here, far away, we lie, proudly obeying her
words'!

XV
EPITAPH ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF CHAERONEA

Οἵδε πάτρας ἕνεκα σφετέρας εἰς δῆριν ἔθεντο
δπλα, καὶ ἀντιπάλων ὕβριν ἀπεσκέδασαν·
μαρνάμενοι δ'ἀρετῆς καὶ δείματος οὐκ ἐσάωσαν
ψυχὰς, ἀλλ' Ἀΐδην κοινὸν ἔθεντο βραβῆ,
οὕνεκεν Ἑλλήνων, ὡς μὴ ζυγὸν αὐχένι θέντες
δουλοσύνης στυγερὰν ἀμφὶς ἔχωσιν ὕβριν·
γαῖα δὲ πατρὶς ἔχει κόλποις τῶν πλεῖστα καμόντων
σώματ', ἐπεὶ θνητοῖς ἐκ Διὸς ἥδε κρίσις·
μηδὲν ἁμαρτεῖν ἐστι θεοῦ καὶ πάντα κατορθοῦν,
ἐν βιοτῇ μοῖραν δ' οὔ τι φυγεῖν ἔπορεν.

DEMOSTHENES, *De Corona*, 822

IDEM
ANGLICE REDDITUM

THESE are the heroes, for their country's weal
Who dared the strife and made the proud foe reel.
'Twixt praise and shame—for such high stakes they vied—
Careless of living, Death they bade decide.
And this for Hellas' sake, that she might be
From tyrant's pride and yoke of bondsmen free.
Sore was their toil—but now their motherland's
Dear bosom folds them—so great Zeus commands.
Unfailing, all-availing, is his power,
To men no respite gives he from their hour.

XVI
THE SLEEP OF THE BRAVE

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Shall deck with flowers their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

W. COLLINS

IDEM
LATINE REDDITUM

DIC quam soporem rite petunt viri
Quos morte victos dignus amor beat
Et patria extollit sepultos!
Nempe ubi ver rediens sacratam
Terram benignis roribus illinet,
Florum creatrix, gratior hinc solo
Caespes virebit, quam beato
Qui nitet Hesperidum recessu.

XVII
HEBREW MELODIES

THY days are done, thy fame begun;
Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen son,
The slaughters of his sword,
The deeds he did, the fields he won,
The freedom he restored!

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free,
Thou shalt not taste of death!
The generous blood that flowed from thee
Disdained to sink beneath:
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name our charging hosts along
Shall be the battle-word,

IDEM
LATINE REDDITUM

PRIMA tibi famae quae lux fuit ultima vitae,
In fastis patriae commemorandus eris,
Seu referunt natus quot duxerit ante triumphos,
Seu quoties tulerit fervidus ensis opem,
Qualia facta manu dederit, quos straverit hostes,
Restituens populo libera jura suo.

Tu licet occideris, dum sors stet libera nobis,
Non tibi vis Stygii nôrit obesse Dei.
Egregius sanguis tibi qui manavit abundans
Non potuit vilem tingere opertus humum.
O utinam venas liceat percurrere nostras,
Dum tuus in nostro spiritus ore viget!

Nomen, ubi ad bellum praeceps impellitur agmen,
Nota manus fausta tessera ducet avi.

Thy fall the theme of choral song
From virgin voices poured,
To weep would do thy glory wrong,
Thou shalt not be deplored!

LORD BYRON

Mors tua carminibus lyricis cantabitur ultro,
Fata puellari concelebrante choro,
Scilicet officiat lacrimarum copia famae,
Non tua qui nimium funera ploret erit!

XVIII
THE TWO VOICES

I SUNG the joyful Pæan clear,
And, sitting, burnish'd without fear
The band, the buckler, and the spear—

Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life.

At least, not rotting like a weed,
But, having sown some generous seed,
Fruitful of further thought and deed,

To pass, when Life her light withdraws,
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

IDEM
LATINE REDDITUM

PÆANA laetis dum recino modis,
Felix sedebam, nec minus interim
Hastamque et umbonem polibam
Et gladium vacuus timore.

Feliciorem Martis imaginem
Spe providebam, quo mihi proelium
Tentare cum falsis liceret,
Munere nec spoliare vitam,

Nec quale gramen tabet inutile
Putrescere; at mox, semine nobili
Sparso, quod augescens opimum
Consilium pariterque agendi

Vim gignat altam, sit mihi cedere
Vita probanti quod bene fecimus,
Nec lucra plus aequo petenti,
Lumine cum spoliatur aetas.

In some good cause, nor in mine own,
To perish, wept for, honour'd, known,
And like a warrior overthrown:

Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears:

Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman's line is broke,
And all the war is roll'd in smoke.

LORD TENNYSON

O si perirem fortiter, haud mea
Causa laborans, sed velut inclitus
  Bellator oppressus sub hoste
    Civibus heu! nimium querendi

Fit causa, lapso lumina cui rigant
Fletus adorti, pulvere nobili
  Cum sparsus audivit suorum
    Bella ciens resonare carmen.

Tunc ille plaga non medicabili
Procumbit ictus, tempore quo nigrae
  Martis volutantur tenebrae,
    Oppositumque fugatur agmen.

PART II
OTHER TRANSLATIONS

XIX
AGONIE DE MOINE

FAITES miséricorde au vieux moine qui meurt,
Et recevez son âme entre vos mains, Seigneur.

Quand les maux lui crieront que sa force profonde
A terminé le cours de sa vie en ce monde,

Quand ses regards vitreux, obscurcis et troublés,
Enverront leurs adieux vers les cieux étoilés ;

Quand se rencontrera, dans les affres des fièvres,
Une dernière fois, votre nom sur ses lèvres ;

THE MONK'S DEATH BED

HAVE mercy on the aged monk who is about
to die,
Receive his soul into Thy hands, we pray Thee, Lord
Most High!

When evil spirits cry to him that that enthronèd
power
Which was his life, has spent its strength, and
brought him to this hour;

When, as the darkness glooms and falls upon his
glazing eyes,
They turn their last beclouded glance up to the
starlit skies;

When, mid delirium's horror, on his lips a single
word
Breathed for the last time, faintly sounds—that word
Thy name, O Lord;

Quand il se raidira dans un suprême effort,
La chair epouvantée à l'aspect de la mort ;

Quand, l'esprit obscurci du travail des ténèbres,
Il cherchera la croix avec des mains funèbres ;

Quand on recouvrira de cendres son front ras
Et que pour bien mourir on croisera ses bras ;

Quand on lui donnera pour suprême amnistie,
Pour lampe de voyage et pour soleil, l'hostie ;

Quand les cierges veillants pâliront de lueurs
Son visage lavé des dernières sueurs

When the poor body in affright, as fearful Death
draws nigh,
Grows rigid in a final throe of hapless energy;

When as the gathering shadows creep about his
clouded mind,
He fumbles with his dying hands, if they the cross
may find;

When ashes on his shaven brow are laid, and on
his breast
His stiffening arms are crossed, that so his ending
may be blest;

When the last pardon is pronounced, and he is
given the Host—
A lamp by night, a sun by day, to guide his flitting
ghost;

When the last drop of sweat is wiped from off his
pallid face
Under the glimmering tapers that keep vigil in that
place;

Quand on abaissera sa tombante paupière,
A toute éternité, sur son lobe de pierre ;

Quand, raides et séchés, ses membres verdiront,
Et que les premiers vers en ses flancs germeront ;

Quand on le descendra, sitôt la nuit tombée,
Parmi les anciens morts qui dorment sous l'herbée ;

Quand l'oubli prompt sera sur sa fosse agrafé,
Comme uu fermoir de fer sur un livre étouffé :

Faites miséricorde a son humble mémoire,
Seigneur, et que son âme ait place en votre gloire !

When hands his drooping eyelids touch, and gently
fold them down
To rest for all eternity on eyeballs turned to stone;

When on his dry and rigid limbs the damp begins
to form,
And in his rotting entrails sprouts the birthplace of
the worm;

When men his body lift, as soon as night-time is
abroad,
And lay it with the ancient dead who sleep beneath
the sward;

When prompt oblivion closes tight his grave within
its grasp,
And makes it as a strangled book shut by an iron
clasp;

Look on his humble memory, with mercy in Thy
face,
And, where Thou art in glory, Lord, grant to his
soul a place!

XX
ANTON MOR

DANS leur cadre d'ébène et d'or
Les personnages d'Anton Mor
Persécutent de leur silence.

Masques terreux, visages durs,
Serrés dans leurs secrets obscurs,
Et leur austérité méchante.

Haute allure, maintien cruel,
Orgueil rigide et textuel :
Barons, docteurs et capitaines.

Leurs doigts sont maigres et fluets :
Ils fignoleraient des jouets
Et détraqueraient des empires.

ANTONIO MORE

FROM their frames of black and gold
Gaze the figures mute and cold
Whom Antonio More of old

Limned—the silence of their stare
Doth torment me everywhere;
Masks of clay their faces are.

Hard the features, and there lies
Evil in those austere eyes,
With their unprobed mysteries.

Baron, doctor, captain shows
Cruelty in high repose,
Pride that no concession knows.

Fingers long and lean have they,
Fingers apt with toys to play
Or an empire to betray.

Ils cachent sous leurs fronts chétifs
Les fiers vouloirs rébarbatifs,
Et les vices des tyrannies,

Et le caprice renaissant
De voir du sang rosir le sang
Séché trop vite aux coins des ongles.

EMILE VERHAEREN

'Neath their narrow foreheads lie
Wills that slightest curb defy,
Every vice of tyranny;

And the finger-stain of gore
Scarce hath time to dry, before
They must redden it once more.

XXI
FROM "LES UNES ET LES AUTRES"

DONNEZ vos mains, donnez vos yeux,
Vos yeux qui brillent dans mes songes ;
Pour charmer mon cœur anxieux
Donnez vos mains, donnez vos yeux,
Vos yeux d'étoile et de mensonge.

Donnez vos yeux, donnez vos mains,
Donnez vos mains magiciennes ;
Pour me guider par les chemins
Donnez vos yeux, donnez vos mains,
Vos mains d'Infante dans les miennes.

Donnez vos mains, donnez vos yeux,
Vos yeux d'étoile qui se lève ;
Donnez-moi, pour nous aimer mieux,
Donnez vos mains, donnez vos yeux,
Vos yeux dans le soir de mon rêve.

YOUR HANDS AND EYES

GIVE me your hands, give me your eyes,
Your eyes that sparkle in my dream;
My troubled heart to exorcise
Give me your hands, give me your eyes,
Stars that beguile me as they gleam.

Give me your eyes, give me your hands,
Your hands with their magician's spell;
To guide me through the unknown lands
Give me your eyes, give me your hands,
Your hands, Princess, in mine to dwell.

Give me your hands, give me your eyes,
Like stars that rise athwart the night;
To lend our love new ecstasies
Give me your hands, give me your eyes,
The shadows of my dream to light.

Donnez vos yeux, donnez vos mains,
  Donnez vos mains surnaturelles ;
Pour me conduire aux lendemains
Donnez vos yeux, donnez vos mains,
  Vos mains comme deux roses frêles.

HENRY C. SPIESS

Give me your eyes, give me your hands.
  Hands from some spirit-world afar;
To lead me to the morrow-lands
Give me your eyes, give me your hands,
  That like two fragile roses are.

XXII
LES MAINS

LES mains que je vois en rêve
Faire signe à mon destin,
M'ont promis des roses brèves
Et des lys lointains.

Les mains que je voudrais miennes
Pour leurs gestes inconnus
Ont des bagues anciennes
A leur doigts menus.

Les mains qu'il faudrait aux fièvres
De ma bouche et de mes yeux,
Sont plus douces que les rêves
Et caressent mieux.

Quand j'ai cru les reconnaître
Ma vie a toujours douté.
Hélas ! elles n'ont peut-être
Jamais existé.

THE HANDS

THE hands I see in dreamland
My destiny allure,
Have offered me frail roses
And far-off lilies pure.

The hands I fain would capture
For these strange ministerings
Upon their taper fingers
Are hung with antique rings.

The hands to cool the fever
Of my poor lips and eyes,
Are softer, more caressing,
Than dreams of Paradise.

Whene'er I think I've met them
My soul in doubt has been.
Ah! can it be that never
Those hands in life were seen?

Mais pour avoir rêvé d'elles
Un soir, il y a longtemps
Je leur suis reste fidèle,
Et je les attends.

HENRY C. SPIESS

And yet, since once in dreamland
They did my fancy fill,
I never have forgotten—
I wait, I wait them still!

XXIII
RUINES DU CŒUR

MON cœur était jadis comme palais romain,
Tout construit de granits choisis, de marbres rares,
Bientôt les passions, comme un flot de barbares,
L'envahirent, la hache ou la torche au main.

Ce fut une ruine alors. Nul bruit humain,
Vipères et hiboux. Terrains de fleurs avares.
Partout gisaient, brisés, porphyres et carrares :
Et les ronces avaient effacé le chemin.

Je suis resté longtemps, seul, devant mon désastre,
Des midis sans soleil, des minuits sans un astre,
Passèrent, et j'ai là vécu d'horribles jours ;
Mais tu parus enfin, blanche dans la lumière,
Et bravement, afin de loger nos amours,
Des débris du palais j'ai bâti ma chaumière.

FRANCOIS COPPÉE

MY HEART IN RUINS

LONG ago my heart was like a Roman palace,
Made of choice granites, decked with marbles rare;
Soon came the passions, like a horde of vandals,
Came and invaded it, with axe and torch aglare.

Then it was a ruin. Not a human sound there!
Only owls and vipers—wastes of creeping flowers;
Porphyry, Carrara, everywhere lay broken,
Brambles had o'ergrown the paths between the bowers.

Long time, alone, I gazed on my disaster,
Many a sunless noontide, many a starless night
Passed, and I lived there days begirt with horror,
Till thou appearedst, white in the light.
Bravely then, to find a lodging for our two loves,
Builded I my hut from the ruins of that site.

XXIV
ROMANCE SANS PAROLE

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville,
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur ?

O bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits !
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
O le chant de la pluie !

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi ! nulle trahison ?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

RAIN

TEARS rain within my heart,
As rain falls on the town,
Oh! wherefore is my heart
With heaviness bowed down?

Oh! soft sound of the rain
On earth and roof-tops falling!
Oh! sweet voice of the rain
The dreary heart enthralling!

In my disconsolate heart
Tears rain without a reason;
Senseless thy grief, Oh heart,
That naught hast known of treason!

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine !

PAUL VERLAINE

Truly the pain I rate
  Hardest, is not to know
Why, without love or hate,
  My heart is steeped in woe!

XXV
ROUTE PRINTANIÈRE

LA route est rose de pommiers,
Je vais vers ma belle ;
Et le ciel est blanc de ramiers,
Elle est fraîche et frêle.

Les pommiers sont de grands bouquets,
Je vais vers ma belle ;
Les ramiers s'aiment aux bosquets,
C'est ma tourterelle.

La rosée emperle les prés,
Je vais vers ma belle ;
Tous les prés sont blancs et dorés,
Son rire étincelle.

Les ruisseaux, remplis de chansons—
Je vais vers ma belle ;

THE SPRING ROAD

THE road is pink with apple trees—
I go to meet my love,
So fresh and frail—the ring-doves' wings
Make white the sky above.

The apple trees are thick with bloom—
I go to meet my love—
The ring-doves court amid the groves,
She is my turtle-dove.

The dew-drops deck the fields like pearls—
I go to meet my love—
The fields are white and gold*—her laugh
Rings in the air above.

The limpid streams, all full of songs—
I go to meet my love—

---

* *i.e.*, white with daisies and gold with buttercups.

Les ruisseaux clairs dans les gazons
Sont moins souples qu'elle.

Mai de parfums enivre l'air,
Je vais vers ma belle ;
Moi, je suis ivre de sa chair,
Chaque jour nouvelle.

Sous l'azur d'ailes tressaillant,
Je vais vers ma belle ;
Ohé ! le chemin rose et blanc
Qui conduit vers elle !

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Gliding amid the grass, are not
So supple as my love.

The air is drunk with scents of May—
I go to meet my love—
And I am drunk with her fair face,
Each day I live and move.

Under the blue, astir with wings—
I go to meet my love—
Oh! pink and white the roadway is
That leads me to my love!

XXVI
A L'AMIE PERDUE

MON cœur était un marbre en une ronceraie,
Dans un sentier banal aux yeux de tous placé,
Où le hasard sans cesse écrirait à la craie
Quelque nom par la pluie aussitôt effacé.

Mais l'Amour, arrachant les ronces et l'ivraie,
Les jeta dans les airs d'un geste courroucé,
Et sculpta lentement, d'une main ferme et vraie,
Un nom profondément et pour toujours fixé.

Puis il mit tout autour un grillage de fer,
Aux quatre coins duquel il dressa des statues
Au corps de marbre blanc, mais d'airain revêtues :

THE MARBLE HEART

MY heart a marble was, reared in a bramble waste,
That in a common path, for all to see, was placed,
Where Chance upon the stone with hand untiring wrote
Some name that by the rain was speedily washed out.

But Love tore up the weeds and brambles that were there,
And angrily he took and flung them in the air,
And slowly did engrave, with true and steadfast hand,
One name, carved deep thereon, that evermore will stand.

Then with an iron rail he did the spot surround
And set four statues at the corners of the ground,
On whose white marble limbs a robe of brass was bound.

Ce sont le Souvenir, l'Espoir, le Pardon fier,
Le Dévoûment, debout comme des sentinelles
Gardant contre le Temps des choses éternelles.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER

These four are Hope, Fidelity, Forgiveness proud,
Remembrance, who like sentinels, with heads unbowed,
To guard the eternal things from shocks of Time
are vowed.

XXVII
ADIEU

ADIEU ! je crois qu'en cette vie
Je ne te reverrai jamais.
Dieu passe, il t'appelle et m'oublie,
En te perdant, je sens que je t'aimais.

Pas de pleurs, pas de plainte vaine,
Je sais respecter l'avenir.
Vienne la voile qui t'emmène,
En souriant je la verrai partir !

Tu t'en vas pleine d'espérance,
Avec orgueil tu reviendras ;
Mais ceux qui vont souffrir de ton absence
Tu ne les reconnaîtras pas.

Adieu ! tu vas faire un beau rêve,
Et t'enivrer d'un plaisir dangereux :

FAREWELL

FAREWELL ! for I think that below
I never shall see thy face more ;
God passeth, He biddeth thee go
And leaveth me. Losing thee so
I feel that I loved thee before.

No weeping, no useless lament !
I can pay to the future its due ;
Come the sail that for thee has been sent,
I shall smile as I bid it Adieu.

Full of hope art thou, going away,
With pride wilt thou come back again,
But there'll ne'er be a greeting to say
To those who in mourning remain.

Farewell ! a bright dream is in store,
Thou wilt drink to the lees of delight,

Sur ton chemin l'étoile qui se lève
Longtemps encore éblouira les yeux.

Un jour tu sentiras peut-être
Le prix d'un cœur qui nous comprend,
Le bien qu'on trouve à le connaître,
Et ce qu'on souffre en le perdant.

ALFRED DE MUSSET

A star shines thy journey before,
  Longtime will it dazzle thy sight.

One day thou wilt value the cost
  Of the heart that is swift to discern—
Their profit who cherish it most,
  Their anguish the treasure who spurn.

XXVIII
SON EPITAPHE

CELUI qui ci maintenant dort
Fit plus de pitié que d'envie,
Et souffrit mille fois la mort
Avant que de perdre la vie.
Passant, ne fais ici de bruit,
Prends garde qu'aucun ne l'éveille ;
Car voici la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.

PAUL SCARRON*

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* Scarron (1610–1660), it will be remembered, was the poor deformed, half-paralysed dramatist and poet who was the first husband of Mme. de Maintenon.

THE EPITAPH OF SCARRON

OF him whose resting-place you view
Pity, not envy, was the due;
A thousand times he suffered death
While on this earth he still drew breath.
Oh! passer by, make here no noise,
Let no man wake him with his voice;
For ne'er, before this night, did sleep
Upon poor Scarron's eyelids creep.

XXIX
SUR UNE DAME POÈTE

ÉGLÉ, belle et poète, a deux petits travers ;
Elle fait son visage, et ne fait pas ses vers.

P. D. LEBRUN

THE LADY POET

EGLÉ is fair, a poet too,'
Two little whims she nurses;
She knows how to make up her face,
But not, alas, her verses!

XXX
DIALOGUE ENTRE UN PAUVRE POÈTE ET L'AUTEUR

ON vient de me voler !—Que je plains ton malheur !
—Tous mes vers manuscrits !—Que je plains le voleur !

P. D. LEBRUN

THE POET AND THE THIEF

"A RASCAL 'S been and carried off"—
"I'm sorry for your grief!"—
"The manuscript of all my odes"—
"I'm sorry for the thief"!

XXXI
ÉPITAPHE.

"CI-GÎT dont la suprême loi
Fut de ne vivre que pour soi,
Passant, garde-toi de le suivre ;
Car on pourrait dire de toi :
Ci-gît qui ne dut jamais vivre."

VOLTAIRE

THE SELFISH MAN

HERE lieth who no law did own
Save for himself to live alone;
Stranger, by him be thou not led,
Else haply 'twill of thee be said—
"He never should have lived, who's dead."

XXXII
INSCRIPTION POUR UNE STATUE DE L'AMOUR

QUI que tu sois, voici ton maître ;
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.

VOLTAIRE

ON A STATUE OF LOVE

WHOE'ER thou art, thy master he—
Is now, was once, or ought to be.

XXXIII
EPIGRAMS QUOTED IN LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON

DIDON

PAUVRE Didon ! où t'a réduite
De tes maris le triste sort ?
L'un en mourant cause ta fuite,
L'autre en fuyant cause ta mort !

Letter IV.

COLAS

COLAS est mort de maladie,
Tu veux que j'en pleure le sort ;
Que diable veux tu que j'en die ?
Colas vivoit, Colas est mort.

Letters XLVIII, CVI.

DIDO'S SPOUSES

POOR Dido, brought to what a state
By your two spouses' doleful fate!
The first* in dying made you fly,
The second's† flight now makes you die!

ON AN INSIGNIFICANT FELLOW

COLLEY fell ill, and is no more!
His fate you bid me to deplore;
But what the deuce is to be said?
Colley was living, Colley 's dead.

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* Sichæus. † Æneas.

XXXIV
THE INFERNO
CANTO V, 25–142

ORA incomincian le dolenti note
A farmisi sentire: or son venuto
Là dove molto pianto mi percuote.
Io venni in loco d'ogni luce muto,
Che mugghia, come fa mar per tempesta,
Se da contrari venti è combattuto.
La bufera infernal, che mai non resta,
Mena gli spirti con la sua rapina;
Voltando e percotendo li molesta.
Quando giungon davanti alla ruina,
Quivi le strida, il compianto e il lamento;
Bestemmian quivi la Virtù divina.
Intesi, che a così fatto tormento

THE SECOND CIRCLE: PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

AND now the cries of suffering begin
To reach me, as I draw more near;
Now have I entered on a place wherein
There strikes upon my ear

Wailing incessant. To a spot I came,
Void of all light, which, like a sea
Lashed with opposing winds that naught can tame,
Bellows in agony.

The storm infernal, that no respite knows,
Driveth the spirits on its wrack,
Tossing and smiting them with dreadful blows
Of manifold attack.

But when before the ruinous steep* they come,
With shrieks and moaning they repine,

* *Laruina*, the ruin, is the name applied by the poet to the precipitous and shattered rocks that bound the circles in Hell.

Eran dannati i peccator carnali,
Che la ragion sommettono al talento.
E come gli stornei ne portan l' ali,
Nel freddo tempo, a schiera larga e piena,
Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali
Di qua, di là, di giù, di su gli mena.
Nulla speranza gli conforta mai,
Non che di posa, ma di minor pena.
E come i gru van cantando lor lai,
Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga;
Così vid' io venir, traendo guai,
Ombre portate dalla detta briga:
Per ch' io dissi: Maestro, chi son quelle
Genti, che l' aer nero sì gastiga?
La prima di color, di cui novelle
Tu vuoi saper, mi disse quegli allotta,

And there do many, who till now were dumb,
Blaspheme the Power Divine.

To such a torment is condemned the band
Of carnal sinners, who to lust
Enslaved their reasons in foul bondage, and,
As starlings in a gust

During cold weather, on their wings unfurled,
In swarming companies are blown,
So the bad spirits by that blast are whirled
Here, there, and up and down!

No hope their woeful destiny allays
Of rest, or e'en of milder pains;
And, as one sees aloft, what time their lays
They chant, a file of cranes,

So saw I flock, by that tempestuous breeze
Upborne, and wailing like a dirge,
The shades—whereat I questioned, "Who are these,
Whom the black air doth scourge?"

Fu imperatrice di molte favelle.

A vizio di lussuria fu sì rotta,

Che libito fe' licito in sua legge

Per torre il biasmo, in che era condotta.

Ell' è Semiramis, di cui si legge,

Che succedette a Nino, e fu sua sposa:

Tenne la terra, che il Soldan corregge.

L' altra è colei, che s' ancise amorosa,

E ruppe fede al cener di Sicheo;

Poi è Cleopatras lussuriosa.

Elena vidi, per cui tanto reo

Tempo si volse; e vidi il grande Achille,

Che con amore al fine combatteo.

Vidi Paris, Tristano; e più di mille

Ombre mostrommi, e nominolle a dito,

Ch' amor di nostra vita dipartille.

To which my Master made reply, "The first
Of whom thou would'st hear tell, is she,
Empress of many tongues, who was accurst
With vice of lechery.

"That lust should lawful be did she ordain,
So to escape her guilt of this,
Ninus' Queen and heir—where Sultans reign
Of late—Semiramis.

"The other slew herself, with torments vexed
By passion, who had faithless been
To the dead ashes of Sichæus; next,
Egypt's voluptuous Queen."

Paris I saw, and Tristan, Helen too
Whose sin so long a penance prove,
And there I saw the great Achilles, who
Fought at the end with love.*

More than a thousand shadows he did name
And showed me, who for love had died,

* Achilles was slain in the Temple of Apollo, through the treachery of Paris, whose sister Polyxena he had gone to wed.

Poscia ch' io ebbi il mio Dottore udito
Nomar le donne antiche e i cavalieri,
Pietà mi vinse, e fui quasi smarrito.
Io cominciai: Poeta, volentieri
Parlerei a que' duo, che insieme vanno,
E paion sì al vento esser leggieri.
Ed egli a me: Vedrai, quando saranno
Più presso a noi; e tu allor li prega
Per quell' amor che i mena; e quei verranno.
Sì tosto come il vento a noi li piega,
Muovo la voce: O anime affannate,
Venite a noi parlar, s' altri nol niega.
Quali colombe, dal disio chiamate,
Con l' ali aperte e ferme al dolce nido
Volan per l' aer dal voler portate:
Cotali uscir della schiera ov' è Dido,

Many an ancient cavalier and dame—
Whereat, for ruth, I cried

As one confounded, "Poet, with that pair
To speak awhile is in my mind,
Who fly together, hovering in the air
So light upon the wind."

And he to me, "Ere long when they draw near
Thou wilt behold them, and shalt pray
By that sad passion which has brought them here,
And they will come straightway."

Soon as the wind inclines them in its course
"Oh! troubled souls," aloud I cry,
"Come now, that with us ye may hold discourse,
If haply none deny."

As doves by longing called, with outspread wing
Fly steady to their happy nest,
By will borne onwards, so, from out the ring
That around Dido pressed,

A noi venendo per l' aer maligno,
Sì forte fu l' affettuoso grido.
O animal grazioso e benigno,
Che visitando vai per l' aer perso
Noi che tignemmo il mondo di sanguigno:
Se fosse amico il Re dell' universo,
Noi pregheremmo lui per la tua pace,
Poi che hai pietà del nostro mal perverso.
Di quel che udire e che parlar ti piace
Noi udiremo e parleremo a vui,
Mentre chè il vento, come fa, si tace.
Siede la terra, dove nata fui,
Su la marina dove il Po discende
Per aver pace co' seguaci sui.
Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,
Prese costui della bella persona

They issued, floating through the baleful gloom.
(With voice so tender-strong I cried)—
"O thou that through the purple air hast come
To us, the earth who dyed

"With blood, O being gracious and benign,
If but the King of th' Universe
Were friendly, we would pray that peace be thine,
Since on our fate perverse

"Thou hast compassion. Now, whate'er thy will
Contenteth thee to hear or say,
That will we hear and answer make, while still
The wind its blast doth stay.

"Lieth the land, that gave me birth, upon
The shore, where Po descends to rest
With his companion rivers. Love, which soon
Is caught by gentle breast,

"Captured his passion for the body fair
Of me, ere I was reft of it—

Che mi fu tolta, e il modo ancor m' offende.
Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,
Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,
Che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona.
Amor condusse noi ad una morte:
Caina attende chi vita ci spense.
Queste parole da lor ci fur porte.
Da che io intesi quelle anime offense,
Chinai il viso, e tanto il tenni basso,
Finchè il Poeta mi disse: Che pense?
Quando risposi, cominciai: O lasso!
Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio
Menò costoro al doloroso passo!
Poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parlai io,
E cominciai: Francesca, i tuoi martiri
A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.

Still doth the manner wound me—Love, who'll ne'er
In loved ones love remit,

"Caught me so closely in the self-same snare,
That in no wise its hold abates.*
Love led us to a single death. Elsewhere
Cain's place the murderer waits."

After those wounded spirits I had heard,
I bowed my face, and held it low,
Until the Poet spake to me this word
"What thing revolvest thou?"

To whom in answer I began, "Alas!
What tender thoughts, what yearning pain
Have brought them hither to this dolorous pass!"
Then, turned to them again,

I said, "Francesca, for thine agonies
My tears in grief and pity flow,
But, tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what it was, and how,

* Translators differ in regarding *amor* and *costui* (i.e. Paolo) as the subjec of *abbandona*. The former is here preferred.

Ma dimmi: al tempo de' dolci sospiri,
A che, e come concedette amore,
Che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri?
Ed ella a me: Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria; e ciò sa il tuo Dottore.
Ma se a conoscer la prima radice
Del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto,
Farò come colui che piange e dice.
Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
Di Lancillotto, come amor lo strinse:
Soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.
Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso:
Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.
Quando leggemmo il disiato riso

"Love suffered thee the rash desires to learn."
Then she, "There is no greater woe
Than to old happiness from grief to turn;
This doth thy Teacher know.

"Yet, if to hear the first root of our love
So strong a craving in thee dwells,
The tale I will unfold, my trust to prove,
Like one who weeps and tells.

"One day for pastime we of Lancelot read,
How love's grip held him tight. Alone
We were, together, and nor heart nor head
Did least suspicion own.

"But oftentimes that reading urged our eyes
To meet, and made our cheeks to pale;
E'en so we had escaped, but one surprise
Did at the last prevail.

"For when that lover's fate we must pursue
Till the fond smile he leaned to kiss,

Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse:
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.
Mentre che l' uno spirto questo disse,
L' altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
Io venni men così com' io morisse;
E caddi, come corpo morto cade.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

Then he, who nevermore shall leave me, drew
My trembling lips to his.

"The book and scribe were Galahad. That day
We read no more." While this she said,
So sore he wailed, for ruth I swooned away,
And fell, as one that's dead.

XXXV

A VISION

FROM "THE GATE OF IVORY"

(Virgil, *Æneid VI*, 895)

THE winds of heaven waft her
Through shutter bolts and bars,
Like meteors streaming after
From worlds beyond the stars.

Through shutter bars and casement
Behold the vision glide!
And now with sweet amazement
I see it at my side.

With lover's arms extended
I claim her for my own;
That beauty rare and splendid
Is mine, is mine alone.

She bends, she breathes, her kisses
Rain lightly on my brow.

Surely like Heaven this is—
I am immortal now!

Immortal! Fond illusion!
I wake—the dream has fled—
O spare me this confusion,
Kind God, and strike me dead!

XXXVI
LOVE SONG FROM THE INDIAN

I WOULD have torn the stars from the heavens for your necklace,
I would have stripped the rose-leaves for your couch from all the trees,
I would have spoiled the East of its spices for your perfume,
The West of all its wonders, to endower you with these.

I would have drained the ocean, to find its rarest pearl-drops,
And melt them for your lightest thirst in ruby draughts of wine;
I would have dug for gold, till the earth was void of treasure,
That, since you had no riches, you might freely take of mine.

I would have drilled the sunbeams to guard you
through the daytime,
I would have caged the nightingales to lull you
to your rest;
But love was all you asked for, in waking or in
sleeping,
And love I give you, sweetest, at my side, and
on my breast!

XXXVII
DEATH AND BEYOND

Πενθεῖν δὲ μετρίως τοὺς προσήκοντας φιλους
οὐ γὰρ τεθνᾶσιν, ἀλλὰ τὴν αὐτὴν ὁδὸν
ἣν πᾶσιν ἐλθεῖν ἔστ ἀναγκαίως ἔχον,
προεληλύθασιν· εἶτα χἡμεῖς ὕστερον
εἰς ταὐτὸ καταγωγεῖον αὐτοῖς ἥξομεν,
καινῇ τὸν ἄλλον συνδιατρίψοντες χρόνον·

ANTIPHANES

IDEM
ANGLICE REDDITUM

FOR those by love or kinship dear
Shed lightly, friend, the mournful tear;
They are not dead, but gone before
By the road to all men fated.
Soon too shall we, each in our turn,
Their footsteps follow to that bourn,
To live through time for evermore
With those dear ones re-mated.

XXXVIII
FROM THE ANTHOLOGY

ἄστερας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστὴρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενοίμην
οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σε βλέπω·

PLATO

IDEM
ANGLICE REDDITUM

STAR that most I love,
To the stars above
Thou thine eyes doth raise;
Would I were the skies
With a thousand eyes
In thine eyes to gaze!

XXXIX
FROM THE ANTHOLOGY

ἄστηρ, πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἑῶος·
νῦν δὲ θανὼν λάμπεις Ἔσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις·

PLATO

IDEM
LATINE REDDITUM

STELLA prius vivis Eoa luce nitebas,
At nunc Hesperio Manibus orbe nites.

IDEM
ANGLICE REDDITUM

STAR that to the living once thy light wast giving
In the East, on high,
Now that life has fled, lightest thou the dead
From the Western sky.

XL

INSCRIPTION
CARVED BY ASCLEPIODOTUS, ON THE PEDESTAL OF MEMNON (AMUNOPH III) AT EGYPTIAN THEBES

Corpus Inscriptionum Graecarum 4747

Ζώειν, εἰναλίη Θέτι, Μέμνονα καὶ μέγα φωνεῖν
μάνθανε μητρῴῃ λαμπάδι θαλπομενον,
Αἰγύπτου Λιβυκῇσιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν, ἔνθ' ἀποτάμνει
καλλίπυλον Θήβην Νεῖλος ἐλαυνόμενος·
τὸν δὲ μάχης ἀκόρητον Ἀχιλλέα μήτ' ἐνὶ Τρώων
φθέγγεσθαι πεδίῳ μήτ' ἐνὶ Θεσσαλίῃ·

IDEM
ANGLICE REDDITUM

O SEA-BORN Thetis, know that when
His mother's torch is lit
Memnon awakes and cries aloud,
Fired by the warmth of it.
Beneath the brow of Libyan heights,
Where Nilus cuts in twain
The city of the glorious gates,
He wakes to life again.
Yet thine Achilles, who in fight
Ne'er slaked his savage joy,
On the Thessalian plains is mute,
Is mute on those of Troy.

XLI
INSCRIPTION
PLACED ABOVE A BATH OF RUNNING WATER IN A FISHING-HOUSE (1770)

ἦ τοῖον Κυθέρειαν ὕδωρ τεκεν, ἦ Κυθέρεια
τοῖον ἔτευξεν ὕδωρ ὃν χρόα λουσαμένη·

IDEM
ANGLICE REDDITUM

DIVINE as was the wave that bare
Sweet Cytherea, so, whene'er
She dipped her body in the wave,
Divinity to it she gave.

XLII
THE MYTH OF ER

THE MYTH OF ER
OR, THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

[THE following is an attempt to render in English verse, and in the metre popularised by Tennyson in the "Palace of Art," the most beautiful of the various myths or allegories by which the genius of Plato sought to illustrate his belief in the Immortality of the Soul. Here, in the tenth book of the "Republic," as in the "Gorgias" and "Phaedo," he depicts its destinies after death, the Judgment, the Millennium of atonement for evil and recompense for good, the accomplished purification, the choice of new life, the draught of oblivion, and the second return to the world. With a belief in the imperishable quality of the spiritual essence is combined the doctrine of Metempsychosis, or transfer of souls, not merely from man to man, but from man to animal and *vice versa*, which had its origin in the immemorial and unfathomable religions of the East.

How closely some of Plato's ideas in this allegory correspond with those of our own and the Roman Catholic religions, will be seen at a glance. At the Judgment the souls are separated, the good departing to the right and the wicked to the left of the Judges' throne. The righteous, as in the Vision of St. John, bear the seals of blessing on their front (cf. Rev. vii. 3). Atonement and Redemption are achieved by a phase of Purgatory. While for most this Purgatory is a finite experience, yet there are some incurably tainted souls—Ardiaeus and his fellows—who are doomed to an eternity of Hell-fire. Great stress is laid upon freedom of the will in the choice of good or evil. Each individual soul is accompanied through life by a celestial monitor or guardian angel (cf. the angel of St. Peter in Acts xii. 15, and *vide* Matt. xviii. 10). Throughout the parable there breathes a spirit of pure and exalted belief, such as we are apt to associate with the dispensations of revealed religion. As has been well said: "Under the marble exterior of Greek literature was concealed a soul thrilling with spiritual emotion."

Plato was himself an inveterate foe of the poets.

But already in the next generation Aristotle, his successor and pupil, declared that his writings were something midway between prose and poetry; and few will dispute that the allegory here translated is a product of the highest poetic imagination, lending itself as readily to the idiom and rhythm of verse as to the form and diction of prose.

Some condensation has been required in parts of the narrative unsuited to poetical rendering or superfluous to the tale, but wherever possible I have adhered to the actual words and phrases of Plato. I had contemplated printing the Greek text opposite to my rendering, but have concluded that it would be more helpful to the majority of readers if I were to substitute for it an English prose translation. I have therefore, with the permission of Balliol College and the Clarendon Press, Oxford, adopted Dr. Jowett's version for the purpose.

There is a similarity of subject-matter and even of treatment in the three Visions from Plato, Dante and Addison, contained in Part II of this book, which has seemed to justify the adoption of a common metre for the purpose of translation into English.]

THE MYTH OF ER

(*Plato*, "*Republic*," Bk. x. 614–621)

"I will tell you . . . a tale of a hero, Er, the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by birth. He was slain in battle, and ten days afterwards, when the bodies of the dead were taken up already in a state of corruption, his body was found unaffected by decay, and carried away home to be buried. And on the twelfth day, as he was lying on the funeral pile, he returned to life and told them what he had seen in the other world. He said that when his soul left the body he went on a journey with a great company, and that they came to a mysterious place at which there were two openings in the earth; they were near together, and over against them were two other openings in the heaven above.

IDEM
ANGLICE REDDITUM

I SING of that strange chance which fell to Er,
Armenius the Pamphylian's son,
In ghostly realms sole mortal traveller
Ere yet his days were done.

For that he died not, but the Judgment saw,
To Socrates the Seer was told,
Which thing did god-like Plato for a law
Of Spirit-Life unfold.

Ten days the warrior's corse amid the slain
Lay slain, yet no corruption knew;
Then waking on the pyre to life again,
This marvel passed in view.

"In a strange shadowy place 'twixt earth and sky,"
Quoth he, "the Judgment-thrones are set,
Before whose steps a pallid company,
The unnumbered dead, are met.

In the intermediate space there were judges seated, who commanded the just, after they had given judgment on them and had bound their sentences in front of them, to ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand; and in like manner the unjust were bidden by them to descend by the lower way on the left hand; these also bore the symbols of their deeds, but fastened on their backs. He drew near, and they told him that he was to be the messenger who would carry the report of the other world to men, and they bade him hear and see all that was to be heard and seen in that place. Then he beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either opening of heaven and earth when sentence and been given on them; and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the earth dusty and worn with travel, some descending

"And there on either hand, in sky and earth,
Twin cloudy gulfs, above, below,
Wrap up the destinies of mortal worth,
Which none unjudged may know.

"Forthwith the doom is spoken, and those souls
To left and right their journeys wend;
An heavenly gulf for these its mist unrolls,
Earthward must those descend.

"The wicked they, and on their backs are bound
The tokens of what sins were theirs;
But the white forehead of the righteous-found
The seal of blessing wears.

("Howbeit to him 'A Prophet shalt thou be'—
The Judges spake—'to earth from here.
Behold and hearken! Eyes hast thou to see,
And ears withal to hear!')

"Thus evermore they vanish in the void,
The while from each confronting arch
Are poured two companies; one travel-cloyed
As from a weary march,

out of heaven clean and bright. And arriving ever and anon they seemed to have come from a long journey, and they went forth with gladness into the meadow, where they encamped as at a festival; and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from earth curiously inquiring about the things above, and the souls which came from heaven about the things beneath. And they told one another of what had happened by the way, those from below weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey beneath the earth (now the journey lasted a thousand years), while those from above were describing heavenly delights and visions of inconceivable beauty. The story would take too long to tell; but the sum was this:—He said that for every wrong which they had done to any one they suffered tenfold; or once in a hundred years—such being reckoned to be the length of man's life, and the penalty being thus paid ten times in a thousand years.

"But fair and fresh the band from upper air.
Then do these pilgrims, one and all,
Flock to the meadow,* and encamp them there
As at a festival.

"And sweet the courtesies and questioning
Of friends unseen since long ago;
'In Heaven was such the mode of wayfaring?
What cheer was theirs below?'

"Strange sights the earth-stained saw, sad suffering his!
For very ruth he needs must weep;
One tells of joys and magic mysteries—
He scaled the heavenly steep!

"A thousand years—so long has been the way—
Ten years to every year of man,
Tenfold the recompense that each must pay,
Once in each age's span.

* εἰς τὸν λειμῶνα. "*The*" meadow, well known in Greek mythology from the description, more especially, of Homer. Cf. "Gorgias," 524.

If, for example, there were any who had been the cause of many deaths, or had betrayed or enslaved cities or armies, or been guilty of any other evil behaviour, for each and all of their offences they received punishment ten times over, and the rewards of beneficence and justice and holiness were in the same proportion. . . . Of piety and impiety to gods and parents, and of murderers, there were retributions other and greater far which he described. He mentioned that he was present when one of the spirits asked another, 'Where is Ardiaeus the Great?' (Now this Ardiaeus lived a thousand years before the time of Er: he had been the tyrant of some city of Pamphylia, and had murdered his aged father and his elder brother, and was said to have committed many other abominable crimes.) The answer of the other spirit was: 'He comes not hither and will never come. And this,' said he, 'was one of the dreadful sights which we ourselves witnessed. We were at the mouth of the cavern, and, having completed all our experiences, were about to reascend, when of a sudden Ardiaeus appeared and several others, most of whom were tyrants; and there were also besides the tyrants private individuals who had been great criminals: they were just, as they fancied, about to return into the upper world, but the mouth, instead of admitting them, gave a roar, whenever any of these incurable sinners or some one who had not been sufficiently punished tried to ascend; and then wild men of fiery aspect, who were standing by and heard the sound, seized and carried them off; and Ardiaeus and others they bound head and foot and hand, and threw them down and

"He that was traitor, or guilt-stained, or vile,
Ten times in agony atones;
Likewise the just and holy-lived erewhile
Tenfold fruition owns.

"But richer measure is for him decreed
That 'gainst the Gods imagined ill,
Or wrought confusion on his parents' need,
Or blood of man did spill.

"For there to Er the doom of one was told
That sire and brother eke had slain,
King Ardiæus, in the days of old,
And might not rise again.

"Nor he nor any may one jot evade;
Else if some sinner of great sin
Essay the passage, from the hollow shade
Is rolled a mighty din.

"And fiery savage men that wait for him,
At that tremendous voice's sound
Swiftly leap forth, and bind him limb by limb
And dash him to the ground,

flayed with scourges, and dragged them along the road at the side, carding them on thorns like wool, and declaring to the passers-by what were their crimes, and that they were being taken away to be cast into hell.' And of all the many terrors which they had endured, he said that there was none like the terror which each of them felt at that moment, lest they should hear the voice; and when there was silence, one by one they ascended with exceeding joy. . . .

"Now when the spirits which were in the meadow had tarried seven days, on the eighth they were obliged to proceed on their journey, and, on the fourth day after, he said that they came to a place where they could see from above a line of light, straight as a column, extending right through the whole heaven and through the earth, in colour resembling the rainbow, only brighter and purer; another day's journey brought them to the place, and there, in the midst of the light, they saw the ends of the chains of heaven let down from above; for this light is the belt of

"And trail that wretched body, which like wool
Is carded upon thorns, and tell
Wherefore the sinner's cup of wrath is full,
His spirit plunged to hell.

"Of all grim terrors of the underworld
Grimmest the terror of that voice,
Which if they hear not through the portals whirled
The souls mount and rejoice.

"So they for seven days in the joyous mead
Linger—then pass—then on a morn,
The fourth that flushes on their steadfast speed
With rosy roofs of dawn,

"Deep in the luminous dim void a light,
Straight as a pillared shaft and high,
Glitters like Iris' bow, yet is more bright,
And pierces earth and sky.

"Thro' all one day that wonder grows apace—
And now, the middle rays among,
They see where from the invisible cope of space
The chains of heaven are hung.

heaven, and holds together the circle of the universe, like the under-girders of a trireme. From these ends is extended the spindle of Necessity, on which all the revolutions turn. The shaft and hook of this spindle are made of steel, and the whorl is made partly of steel and also partly of other materials. Now the whorl is in form like the whorl used on earth; and the description of it implied that there is one large hollow whorl which is quite scooped out, and into this is fitted another lesser one, and another, and another, and four others, making eight in all, like vessels which

* I cannot pretend to throw any light upon the well-known difficulty about the "pillar of light." On the one hand it is described as "straight" as "like a column," and as "extending through the whole heaven"—expressions which give us the idea of a vertical shaft, piercing the hollow sphere of heaven from top to bottom, in fact the imaginary axis of the universe. On the other, it is compared to the rainbow (although, as has been pointed out, this may be in respect of colour rather than of form), and to the undergirders of a trireme, and is called "the belt of heaven" because "it holds together the entire circumference"—a series of pictures which has naturally suggested to commentators the phenomenon of

"In sooth the belt of heaven is that great light,
Bracing the mighty circle round,
What wise with cables girded trimly-tight
The ocean-hulls are bound.*

"And lo! down reaching from those chains begun
The spindle of the Law Sublime,
Necessity, whereby the world is spun
Through endless grooves of Time.

"Of steel the shaft is wrought, the hook of steel,
But of mixed fashioning the whorl,
Wherein seven other circles, wheel in wheel,
Continuously curl.

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the Milky Way. If the former is Plato's meaning, there is the further difficulty of understanding the relation of the pillar of light to the shaft of Necessity's spindle, which is also described as the axis piercing the middlemost of the eight orbits. The second interpretation may indeed be reconciled with the phrases that have suggested the first by supposing that Er and his companions first caught sight of the light at a point in space where it appeared to their eyes to be perpendicular rather than circular. But why Plato should have introduced an optical illusion into his story it is hard to say. A scholar friend tells me he thinks that the image was probably suggested by the elliptical "pillar" of the Zodiacal light.

fit into one another; . . . The first and outermost whorl has the rim broadest, and the seven inner whorls are narrower. . . . The largest is spangled, and the seventh is brightest; the eighth coloured by the reflected light of the seventh; the second and fifth are in colour like one another, and yellower than the preceding; the third has the whitest light; the fourth is reddish; the sixth is in whiteness second. Now the whole spindle has the same motion; but, as the whole revolves in one direction, the seven inner circles move slowly in the other, and of these the swiftest is the eighth; next in swiftness are the seventh, sixth, and fifth, which move together; third in swiftness appeared to move according to the law of this reversed motion the fourth; the third appeared fourth and the second fifth. The spindle turns on the knees of Necessity; and on the upper surface of each circle is a siren, who goes round with them, hymning a single tone or note. The eight together form one harmony; and round about, at equal intervals, there is another band, three in number, each sitting upon her throne: these are the Fates, daughters of Necessity, who are clothed in white robes and have chaplets upon their heads, Lachesis and Clotho and Atropos, who accompany with their voices the harmony of the sirens—Lachesis singing of the past, Clotho of the present, Atropos of the future; Clotho from time to time assisting with a touch of her right hand the revolution of the outer circle of the whorl or spindle, and Atropos with her left hand touching and guiding the inner ones, and Lachesis laying hold of either in turn, first with one hand and then with the other.

"And one more broad, and one more narrow shows,
And one more bright, and one more dim,
One swift, one slower. And in ordered rows
On every circle's rim

"Eight Sirens do eternally revolve,
Each upon each revolving sphere,
And from their lips one liquid note dissolve
Harmonious and clear.

"And there three daughters of the Law Sublime,
The Fates, white-robed and garlanded,
From their fixed thrones do with the Sirens rhyme
How all is perfected.

"What things of old have been doth Lachesis,
Atropos what are yet to be,
Responsive chant; but Clotho that which is
Hymns everlastingly.

"And each an inner or an outer ring
Will touch, that it may smoothly slide,
Save Lachesis, that with deft fingering
Doth every orbit guide.

When Er and the spirits arrived, their duty was to go at once to Lachesis; but first of all there came a prophet who arranged them in order; then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of lives, and having mounted a high pulpit, spoke as follows: 'Hear the word of Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of life and mortality. Your genius will not be allotted to you, but you will choose your genius; and let him who draws the first lot have the first choice, and the life which he chooses shall be his destiny. Virtue is free, and as a man honours or dishonours her he will have more or less of her; the responsibility is with the chooser—God is justified.' When the Interpreter had thus spoken he scattered lots indifferently among them all, and each of them took up the lot which fell near him, . . . and each as he took his lot perceived the number which he had obtained. Then the Interpreter placed on the ground before them the samples of lives; and there were many more lives than the souls present, and they were of all sorts. There were lives of every animal and of man in every condition. And there were tyrannies among them, some lasting out the tyrant's life, others which broke off in the middle and came to an end in poverty and exile and beggary; and there were lives of famous men . . . and some who were the reverse of famous. . . . And of women likewise; there was not, however, any definite character in them, because the soul, when choosing a new life, must of necessity, become different. But there was every other quality and they all mingled with one another, and also with elements of wealth and poverty, and disease and health;

"Anon when all that host before her face
Is ranged, a herald from her knees
Lifting the lots, ascendeth a high place
And sounds her just decrees.

"'The word of Lachesis, the eldest born
Of the dread Law, Necessity,—
Lo now, ye souls of mortals, a new dawn
Of mortal life is nigh!

"'Yours is the choice of fates! He first shall choose
Who draweth first. Of Righteousness
That knows no master, each shall gain or lose
Honouring her more or less.

"'His be the blame—but blameless is High God!'
This said, the lots he scatters wide
And spreads the types of life. And at his nod
They take them and decide.

"For there all lives of men and living things,
Fair and ill-fortuned, and the mean,
Beggars and heroes, citizens and kings,
And birds and beasts, are seen.

and there were mean states also. And here . . . is the supreme peril of our human state; and therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn and may find some one who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity. . . .

"And . . . this was what the prophet said at the time: 'Even for the last comer, if he chooses wisely and will live diligently, there is appointed a happy and not undesirable existence. Let not him who chooses first be careless, and let not the last despair.' And when he had spoken, he who had the first choice came forward and in a moment chose the greatest tyranny; his mind having been darkened by folly and sensuality, he had not thought out the whole matter before he chose, and did not at first sight perceive that he was fated, among other evils, to devour his own children. But when he had time to reflect, and saw what was in the lot, he began to beat his breast and lament over his choice, forgetting the proclamation of the prophet; for, instead of throwing the blame of his misfortune on himself, he accused chance and the gods, and everything rather than himself. Now he was one of those who came from heaven, and in a former life had dwelt in a well-ordered State, but his virtue was a matter of

"Yet is no life ordained for good or ill;
Man's is the choice, and man's alone.
On earth the knowledge and the changeless will
The wise man makes his own.

"And evermore resounds the herald's voice;
'E'en for the last is favour fair.
Let not the first be heedless of his choice,
Nor the hindmost despair!'

"Then one with blinded witless eyes of greed
Elects a bloody tyrant's lot.
Anon remorsefully bewails the deed
And weeping ceaseth not.

"Yet in his pride himself he doth acquit;
At Fate and the High Gods he raves;
Right had he known erewhile, and walked in it,
But lacked the truth that saves.

habit only, and he had no philosophy. And it was true of others who were similarly overtaken. . . . And owing to inexperience, and also because the lot was a chance, many of the souls exchanged a good destiny for an evil or an evil for a good. . . . Most curious, he said, was the spectacle—sad and laughable and strange; for the choice of the souls was in most cases based on their experience of a previous life. There he saw the soul which had once been Orpheus choosing the life of a swan out of enmity to the race of women, hating to be born of a woman because they had been his murderers; he beheld also the soul of Thamyras choosing the life of a nightingale; . . . The soul which obtained the twentieth lot chose the life of a lion, and this was the soul of Ajax the son of Telamon, who would not be a man, remembering the injustice which was done him in the judgment about the arms. The next was Agamemnon, who took the life of an eagle, because, like Ajax, he hated human nature by reason of his sufferings. About the middle came the lot of Atalanta; she, seeing the great fame of an athlete, was unable to resist the temptation; and after her there followed the soul of Epeus the son of Panopeus passing into the nature of a woman cunning in the arts; and far away among the last who chose, the soul of the jester Thersites was putting on the form of a monkey. There came also the soul of Odysseus having yet to make a choice, and his lot happened to be the last of them all. Now the recollection of former toils had dischanted him of ambition, and he went about for a considerable time in search of the life of a private man who had no cares; he had

"So many that one life fulfilled of old
Seek diverse lives—such hope hath change—
Pitiful it is and wondrous to behold,
Yea, laughable and strange!

"Now murdered Orpheus, from the hate he bore
To woman's race, would be a swan,
And Agamemnon for his woes of yore
An eagle's plumes put on.

"Mocking Thersites picks an ape's disguise,
And Thamyris a nightingale's;
Great Ajax, wrathful for the stolen prize,
A lion's fury hails.

"The runner's meed would Atalanta own,
Epeus a handmaid's skill of hands:
But grave Odysseus, sad and weary grown
From toils in many lands,

some difficulty in finding this, which was lying about and had been neglected by everybody else; and when he saw it, he said that he would have done the same had his lot been first instead of last, and that he was delighted to have it. . . .

"All the souls had now chosen their lives, and they went in the order of their choice to Lachesis, who sent with them the genius whom they had severally chosen, to be the guardian of their lives and the fulfiller of the choice; this genius led the souls first to Clotho, and drew them within the revolution of the spindle impelled by her hand, thus ratifying the destiny of each; and then, when they were fastened to this, carried them to Atropos, who spun the threads and made them irreversible, whence without turning round they passed beneath the throne of Necessity; and when they had all passed, they marched on in a scorching heat to the plain of Forgetfulness, which was a barren waste destitute of trees and verdure; and then towards evening they encamped by the river of Unmindfulness, whose water no vessel can hold;

"The idle pastime of an easeful soul
After long search doth hardly find,
And boasteth this the fairest of the whole
Vouchsafed to mortal kind.

"Then each to Lachesis must pass aside,
In order of the lot he willed,
To whom she giveth a celestial guide
To see his choice fulfilled.

"First beneath Clotho's hand the angel leads—
She on the whirring shaft the lot
Weaves close. Then Atropos the labour speeds
That none may loose the knot.

"Thence onward passing 'neath the awful throne,
Necessity's, they journey on
Thro' heat and scorching to a desert lone,
The Plain Oblivion.

"There doth no herb begotten ever bless
The utter waste. At eventide
They see the river of Unmindfulness
And camp the wave beside.

of this they were all obliged to drink a certain quantity, and those who were not saved by wisdom drank more than was necessary; and each one as he drank forgot all things. Now after they had gone to rest, about the middle of the night there was a thunderstorm and earthquake, and then in an instant they were driven upwards in all manners of ways to their birth, like stars shooting. He himself was hindered from drinking the water. But in what manner or by what means he returned to the body he could not say; only, in the morning, awaking suddenly, he found himself lying on the pyre."

"Marvellous the water that no cup can fill;
Thereof each soul must drink somewhat,
And he that drinketh of the sleepy rill
Hath straight all things forgot.

"Then slumber laps them, till at middle night
With earthquake-shock and thunder-jars
Suddenly scattered they are whirled to light
Shot up like flying stars!"

These things the hero saw, but of that stream
Might he not slake his least desire.
Naught knew he after, till the morning beam
Thrilled on the funeral pyre.

XLIII
Q. HORATI FLACCI CARM. iv. 7

DIFFUGERE nives, redeunt jam gramina campis
Arboribusque comae ;
Mutat terra vices et descrescentia ripas
Flumina praetereunt ;
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et almum
Quae rapit hora diem :
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver proterit aestas,
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.

IDEM
ANGLICE REDDITUM

GONE are the snows, and the grass is springing anew in the meadows,
Leaves are again on the trees;
Earth pursueth her change and the dwindling floods of the rivers
Flow by their borders at ease;
Safely, the dance as she leads, may the Grace with her nymphs and her sisters,
Fling her apparel aside.
Hark, as it chases the day, to the plaint of the hour, and the season—
"Everything dies, and has died!"
Loosed are the frosts by the Zephyr, the Spring is swallowed by Summer,
Summer will perish apace
Soon as the Autumn its fruits has shed, then cometh the Winter
With its benumbing embrace.

Damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae:
Nos, ubi decidimus,
Quo pius Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.
Quis scit, an adjiciant hodiernae crastina summae
Tempora di superi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quae dederis animo.
Cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas;
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum,
Nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
Vincula Pirithoo.

What tho' the hungry moons make good their loss
in the heavens,
We, when our spirits have fled
Where is the good Aeneas, and Tullus the wealthy,
and Ancus,
Are but as dust and a shade.
Who can tell if the gods will increase by the grant
of to-morrow
What has been counted to-day?
Greedy thy heir, but of all thou hast given the
self that thou lovest
Nought can he carry away.
Once thou art perished and gone, and, high on his
stately tribunal,
Minos has uttered thy doom,
Eloquence, goodness, and birth, Torquatus, will not
avail thee
E'er to return from the tomb.
Not, tho' Diana may plead, will chaste Hippolytus ever
Quit the infernal domain;
Not tho' he love him, can Theseus his own
Pirithous waken,
Bound in oblivion's chain.

XLIV
THE PROGRESS OF POESY
A PINDARIC ODE

WOODS that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles that crown the Aegean deep,
Fields that cool Illissus laves,
Or where Maeander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep;
How do your tuneful echoes languish
Mute but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound;
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.

IDEM
LATINE REDDITUM

SILVAE trementes per juga Delphica,
Aegea visae clarius insulae
Trans aequora, Ilissusque sacros
Qui gelido lavis amne campos,
Maeander aut qui flavus agis viam
Ambage lenta—nempe queror diu
Languere jam sollenne carmen,
Vox nisi commoveat dolorem!
Illic vetusti vatibus insitam
Montes dabant vim, saepius et putes
Lucos susurrantes et undas
Nescio quod tenuisse numen.
Donec Sorores (proh dolor! at fuit
Sensura damnum Graecia) debita
Jam sede Parnassi relicta
Hesperios coluere campos.

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant power,
And coward vice that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion, next thy sea-encircled coast.

T. GRAY

Spernit tyranni justa superbiam, et
Gaudens catenis turpe nefas cohors:
Virtute suppressa Latina
Litora mox petiit Britanna.

XLV
THE VOICE OF THE SEA

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty sea,
For ever and the same!
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee;
Those thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hushed is many a lovely one
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sighed of yore
Along the wave, is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill.

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs poured
Are with her eagles flown.

IDEM
LATINE REDDITUM

AUDIN' ut Oceanus sonet indefessus et idem!
Antiqua indomito saxa fragore tonant.

Plurima sed terras vox inclita fugit opimas,
Et dolor, et lepidi conticuere joci.

Illa silet, fluctus quae Dorica tibia mulsit,
Judaeae cantus per juga sacra silet.

Dedidicitque suas docti lyra Memnonis artes,
Cunque aquilis Romae, clare triumphe, taces.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,
  Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
  Until the close of time.

FELICIA HEMANS

Tu tamen antiquas volvis, Neptune, per oras
Sacrum, quod resonet tempus in omne, melos.

XLVI
LUCY

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
That skirt the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O!
The difference to me!

W. WORDSWORTH

IDEM
LATINE REDDITUM

AVIA desertae tenuit prope flumina Devae
Rara procis virgo, nescia laudis, iter.

Muscoso latuit viola ut semi-abdita saxo,
Candidior stella, quae nitet una polo.

Nota fuit nullis; vix cognita desiit esse;
Sed jacet; ah! qui sum, qui modo qualis eram!

XLVII
ORPHEUS

HE sung what spirit thro' the whole mass is spread,
Everywhere all; how heavens God's laws approve
And think it rest eternally to move:
How the kind sun usefully comes and goes,
Wants it himself, yet gives to man repose:
He sung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane
Whilst foolish men beat sounding brass in vain,
Why the great waters her slight horns obey,
Her changing horns not constanter than they;
He sung how grisly comets hung in air,
Why swords and plagues attend their fatal hair,
God's beacons for the world, drawn up so far
To publish ill, and raise all earth to war.

A. COWLEY

IDEM
LATINE REDDITUM

TUM cecinit quae mens totum diffusa per orbem
Magnam agitet molem; coeloque ut jussa probentur
Aequa Dei, et motu videantur obire quietem;
Ut bene Sol almus veniens abiensque vicissim
Det generi humano, quem non habet ipse, soporem.
Protinus auratum ut lunae terra inquinet orbem,
Aeraque percutiant homines crepitantia frustra,
Cur magnae exiguis frenentur cornibus undae,
Lunaque ducat aquas nihilo constantior ipsa;
Denique ut immineant tristes sublime cometae
Cur gladii crinem pestesque sequantur acerbum,
Signaque terrigenis a Patre elata superne
Ut genus omne mali moneant, Martemque reducant.

XLVIII
THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud:
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is on heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,

IDEM
LATINE REDDITUM

QUAE deserta colis, laeta et secura, volucris,
Vox tua per campos mane canora sonet!
Ut tibi vita datur felix, sedesque beata—
Fas mihi sit tecum sola tenere loca!

Libera per tenues resonant tibi carmina rubes,
Dat vires idem qui generavit amor.
Quo tu carpis iter sublimes roscida pennas?
Musa sonat caelum, cor fovet usque solum.

Per juga, per vitreum fontem, montesque virentes,
Per rubra quae referent lumine fila diem,

Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim:
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

J. Hogg

Perque nigras nubes nitidumque per Iridis orbem,
Sume, volans, cantum, Nympha canora, tuum !

Tunc inter filices, ubi sera crepuscula suadent,
Te domus invitat, te genialis Amor !
Ut tibi vita datur felix sedesque beata—
Fas mihi sit tecum sola tenere loca !

XLIX
AMOURS DE VOYAGE
CANTOS III, IV

THEREFORE farewell ye hills, and ye, ye envineyarded ruins,
Therefore farewell ye walls, palaces, pillars, and domes!
Therefore farewell, far seen, ye peaks of the mythic Albano,
Seen from Montorio's height, Tibur and Aesula's hills!
Ah, could we once, ere we go, could we stand, while to Ocean descending
Sinks o'er the yellow dark plain slowly the yellow broad sun,
Stand, from the forest emerging at sunset, at once in the champaign,
Open, but studded with trees, chestnuts umbrageous and old,

IDEM
LATINE REDDITUM

CARA valete juga, et sedes quas vitis obumbrat,
Et quas tanta notat fama, valete, domus!
Albanusque abeat montano ex Tibure visus
Collis, ubi aerios Aesula pandit agros.
O si fas iterum, dum pronus in aequora flavos
Per campos flavo Sol capit orbe viam,
Sole sub occiduo, campestri in margine silvae,
Stare ubi castaneis imminet umbra comis,

E'en in those fair open fields that incurve to thy beautiful hollow,
Nemi, imbedded in wood, Nemi inurned in the hill!
Eastward, or Northward, or West? I wander and ask as I wander,
Weary, yet eager and sure—"Where shall I come to my love?"
"Whitherward hasten to seek her? Ye daughters of Italy tell me,
Graceful and tender and dark, Is she consorting with you?"
Thou that outclimbest the torrent, that tendest thy goats to the summit,
Call to me, child of the Alp, has she been seen on the heights?
Italy, farewell I bid thee, for whither she leads me, I follow,
Farewell the vineyard, for I, where I but guess her, must go.
Weariness, welcome, and labour, wherever it be, if at last it
Bring me in mountain or plain into the sight of my love.

Quaque jacent, Nemus, in vallem declivia amoenam
Arva, tenebrosum colle tegente locum.
Quo via longa vocat? Fessus vagor et queror anceps,
"Noster ubi est" iterans "inveniendus amor?
"Quo sequar absentem? Vos respondete, puellae
Ausoniae, an vestris it comes apta choris?"
Tuque gregis pastor, torrente audacior alto,
Dic, puer, in summis an tibi visa jugis?
Ausonis ora vale, vinetaque cara valete!
Ipsa vocat; si qua possit adesse, sequar.
Membra labent corpusque premat labor arduus; at sit
Colle modo aut campis inveniendus amor.

There is a home on the shore of the Alpine sea, that upswelling
High up the mountain sides, spreads in the hollow between,
Wilderness, mountain, and snow from the land of the olive conceal it,
Under Pilatus' hill low by the river it lies;
Italy, utter the word, and the olive and vine will allure not,
Wilderness, forest and snow, will not the passage impede.

A. H. CLOUGH

Est domus Alpini secreta in litore ponti,
Qua montes inter concava vallis hiat.
Hanc montes nivei et celant deserta locorum,
Colle sub aerio est condita propter aquas.
Italis, ire jube, nec oliva nec uva placebit,
Non iter impedient avia, silva, nives.

L
JAMAIS

JAMAIS, avez-vous dit, tandis qu'autour de nous
Résonnait de Schubert la plaintive musique ;
Jamais, avez-vous dit, tandis que, malgré vous,
Brillait de vos grands yeux l'azur mélancolique.

Jamais, répétiez-vous, pâle et d'un air si doux
Qu'on eût cru, voir sourire une médaille antique.
Mais des trésors secrets l'instinct fier et pudique
Vous couvrit de rougeur, comme un voile jaloux.

Quel mot vous prononcez, marquise, et quel dommage !
Hélas ! je ne voyais ni ce charmant visage,
Ni ce divin sourire, en vous parlant d'aimer.

NEVER

"NEVER," you said, that day when I and you
Heard the resounding plaint of Schubert's song.
"Never," you said, albeit, to prove you wrong,
Your great eyes shone a melancholy blue.

"Never,"—you said again, so mild and pale
One seemed to see some old medallion smile.
Yet the proud blush of modesty the while
Crimsoned your cheeks, as with a jealous veil.

Lady, to breathe that word a pity were!
For while of love I spoke, this face so fair,
This smile divine, did not my vision fill.

Vos yeux bleus sont moins doux que votre âme
n'est belle.
Même en les regardant, je ne regrettais qu'elle,
Et de voir dans sa fleur un tel cœur se fermer.

ALFRED DE MUSSET

Sweet your blue eyes—your soul is lovelier still.
E'en as I gazed, I nought regretted but
That such a heart should in its flower be shut.

o

LI

THE VISION OF MIRZAH

JOSEPH ADDISON—*THE SPECTATOR*, No. 159.

HAVING once ventured on the observation that Addison's famous allegory was really a poem, which only by accident had not assumed a metrical form,* I was challenged to vindicate this contention, with fidelity to the language as well as the spirit of the original. The following was the result of the attempt:

In Bagdad city, girt with lofty hills,†
Upon the fifth day of the moon,
Which day our faith with strict observance fills,
Did I, 'ere yet 'twas noon,

---

* The sententious Bishop Hurd, who edited Addison's Works in 1811, said about this essay: "Mr. Addison is a much better poet in prose than in verse. This vision has all the merit of the finest canto in Spenser."

† This is of course a poetic licence, there being no hills at or near to Bagdad.

The heights ascending, plunge in solemn thought,
Wondering if things be what they seem—
"Truly," I said, "is man a thing of nought,
And life an empty dream."

Thus musing, of a chance I cast my eyes
Towards a high rock, no space away,
Whereon sat one who wore a shepherd's guise,
And on a pipe did play.

Sweet was the note, and sweet the tuneful rhyme,
Sweet as celestial melodies
That greet the souls of good men dead, what time
They come to Paradise,

And, at the sound, the memory doth depart
Of the last agonies they felt,
And for Heaven's joys they are prepared. My heart
With hidden bliss did melt.

Many there are who, journeying that way,
Have by those airs enraptured been;
'Tis said a Spirit doth the music play,
But ne'er by man is seen.

Then did I, ravished by these strains divine,
To speak with the musician yearn;
But, while I gazed astonied, with a sign
He beckoned me to turn.

Thereat, with humble reverence drawing nigh,
Before his feet in tears I fell;
But he, with smiles and pitying courtesy,
Did all my fears dispel,

And lifting me, that found as yet no word,
Did gently take me by the hand,
Saying, "Thy musings, Mirzah, have I heard,
Follow, 'tis my command!"

So, where the rock soars highest to the skies,
Guiding my steps, he set me there,
And spake again, "To eastward cast thine eyes,
And what thou seest declare!"

"I see a valley, and a water wide
Rolling therein,"—I made reply.
"That vale," he said, "is Misery, and the tide
Is called Eternity."

"But tell me why from out a mist that sea
Rises, and in a mist is lost."—
"It is that portion of Eternity
Which mortal man hath crossed,

From the beginning to the end of all;
Time is it, measured by the sun.
Note now this flood betwixt the cloudy pall,
And see what there is done."

"A bridge I see which that great gulf doth span,
Stretched o'er the middle of the tide."—
"The bridge before thee is the life of man,
Look close on it!"—he cried.

So gazing, I beheld how arches ridge
The watery gulf, three score and ten;
Yet, were not many ruined, 'neath the bridge
A hundred there had been.

E'en as I counted, he the sum confessed—
"A thousand arches erst there were;
Came a great flood that overwhelmed the rest
And left those ruins there.

But tell me further what thou seest thereon."—
"Great multitudes that pass I see
From a black cloud that hangs each end upon."
Then, looking steadfastly,

I saw how many of the wayfarers
Dropped from the bridge into the tide
Through hidden doors, that those poor passengers
Trod on, but ne'er espied,

And straightway vanished. Thickest their array
Where, at the entrance, from the gloom
Hardly the pilgrims can emerge, but they
Are trapped and hurled to doom.

Thinner the snares toward the middle space
Of that great bridge, but closer far
And many fold increased, about the place
Where the arched ruins are.

Yet some there were—a company how small—
Who o'er the arches tottered on,

Till at the last each one was seen to fall
When all his strength was gone.

Long time upon that wondrous pile I gazed
And that great crowd of passers-by,
Nor least, regarding them, my heart was dazed
And plunged in melancholy,

When many a happy one, from out the band,
Dropped straight to an untimely grave,
Clutching where'er he could, with desperate hand,
If he his life might save.

Some with uplifted eye and thoughtful mien
Seemed lost in a celestial sphere,
But midway in that reverie were seen
Stumbling, to disappear.

And multitudes were eager in the chase,
Whom bubbles gleamed and danced before,
Yet often, as they thought to win the race,
Their footsteps on the floor

Faltered, and down they sank. A glittering blade
One waved, to deal the fatal blow,
Another hand a box with drugs* displayed,
And these ran to and fro

Upon that bridge, and did the victims thrust
On to the traps they had not seen
And haply might escape—but now they must
Be plunged to death between.

Then did my guide, who saw me with sad air
This sight examine, say "Eno,
Look no more on the bridge, but seest thou there
Aught else that thou would'st know?"

Upward I glanced, and said to him, "What mean
These flights of birds that in the air
Hover perpetually, and are seen
To settle here and there,

Vultures and harpies, ravens, cormorants,
And companies of winged boys,

* The well-known jest at the expense of the doctors. The original contains a much less delicate phrase. The persons in the preceding line are soldiers and executioners.

Who as they flutter from that feathered dance,
On the mid-arches poise?

"These creatures"—so he answered my behest—
"Are Superstition, Love, Despair,
Envy and Avarice, who life infest,
And many a kindred care."

Deeply I sighed, and spake, "Alas! how rife
With misery is mortal breath!
In vain is man—tormented thus in life,
And swallowed up in death."

But he, with pity for my soul-in-doubt,
Bade me that prospect to pass by,
Saying, "Regard no more, where man starts out
To find Eternity,

But forward cast thine eyes across the deep
Yonder to that dense mist, whereto
The tide doth all those generations sweep
Who drop and fall from view.

Forthwith I gazed as bidden—haply he
With force divine my sight endowed,
Or—deigning I should pierce the gloom and see—
Rolled back that misty cloud.

The vale I saw, where it more open grows,
Spread forth into a mighty main,
And there a rock of adamant uprose,
That severed it in twain.

One half was by the cloudy veil o'ercast—
So thick that nought therein was known,
It seemed the other was an ocean vast,
With isles unnumbered strown.

Covered they were with fruits and bloom of flowers,
And through them ran a thousand seas
With shining current, and, amid the bowers,
Or threading the tall trees,

A throng I saw, in glorious habits dressed,
That garlands on their temples wore,
And some beside the fountains took their rest,
Some on the flowery floor;

And in my ears a mingled harmony
Of falling waters, birds that sang,
Men's voices, instruments of melody,
With sweet confusion rang.

I gazed and hearkened. Gladness grew in me
At sight of this divine retreat;
An eagle's wings I coveted, to flee
To that enchanted seat.

But, "Passage is there none by any wiles,
Save through the hidden gates of death
That open ever on the bridge. The isles
So fresh and green"—he saith—

"That dot the ocean, far as it expands,
Far as thy vision sweeps, are more
In number than the innumerable sands
That lie upon the shore.

Myriads there are, the nearer seats behind,
Whither nor eye nor thought can reach,
Mansions to good men after death assigned,
As is the worth of each.

There are they settled, and the isles abound
With joys of manifold degrees,
And of those pleasures each is perfect found
To suit their relishes.

So is each place to each a Paradise,
Worthy of long essay. Confess,
O Mirzah, if it yieldeth such a prize,
Is life unhappiness?

Can death be fearful, that to such delight
Conducteth? Think not that in vain
Was man created, when a lot so bright
For him doth aye remain."

With joy ineffable I cast my eyes
Upon the happy islands, then
Rejoined, "I pray thee show me that which lies
Hidden from mortal ken

Beneath those vapours that the ocean cloud,
Beyond the adamantine peak."
But when no answer he returned, I bowed,
A second time to speak.

Fled was the Spirit. Then I turned aside,
That radiant vision not to miss—
Gone was the archèd bridge, the rolling tide,
Vanished the isles of bliss!

Naught I beheld but Bagdad's hollow vale,
And there, as down its length I gazed,
Oxen and sheep and camels, in the dale,
Upon the pasture grazed.

CORRIGENDA

p. 16. Three lines from bottom, *for* "armes" *read* "larmes."

p. 78. Last line but three, *for* "uu" *read* "un."

p. 197. Fifth line, *for* "rubes" *read* "nubes."

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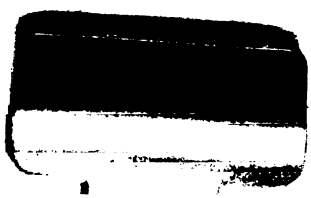
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